The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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SHOCKED AT BATHING COSTUMES.

A Bevy of Bathers have Sport with a Countryman.

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13 WEEKS 13

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OUR MOTTO.

"BE JUST AND FEARLESS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. M. (Manchester).—Thanks for contribution.

T. D.—(1) Joe Goddard defeated Peter Maher in three rounds, lasting 6min and 50sec, at the Coney Island Athletic Club, December 8, 1892, for a purse of 7,500 dols. Since then Maher has vastly improved on his form, and Goddard has gone to pieces. (2) We believe they only faced each other once, and that was their meeting at the National Sporting Club. Mortimer paid forfeit to Palmer in their first match.

C. T. (Edinburgh).—George Johnson beat S. Smith, of Birmingham, in 1½min. at the National Sporting Club, Nov. 12, 1891.

CONSTANT READER.—Dick Burge is following the race meetings. He will probably not enter the ring again, unless in a public contest with Ted Pritchard.

W. B. (Carlisle).—If you experience any difficulty in obtaining the paper every Wednesday send us the name of your newsagent. THE MIRROR OF LIFE should be on sale at every newsagent's in the United Kingdom on Wednesday.

IT was through the efforts of THE MIRROR OF LIFE that the match was arranged between Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, and John O'Brian, of Cardiff, to fight at 11st 4lb, in October, for the National Sporting Club purse, and the proposed battle has already created considerable interest amongst the sports, who speak in a flattering manner of the enterprise on our part in bringing about an international fight. The black is the best of American middle-weights, and possesses a fighting record that any boxer should be proud of. Owing to his colour the New Yorkers have used every effort to have him whipped during the past three years, but Craig has disappointed them all by knocking out every man who was pitted against him, with the exception of Peter Maher, and it is the opinion of many who saw that battle that the Irish Giant could not accomplish the same task in a second meeting. Craig is certainly a first-class man at weight, otherwise he would not have faced a man 2st heavier and several inches higher than himself with such confidence as he displayed when the pair entered the ring.

* * *

CRAIG and O'BRIAN are both useful in a ring, and those who are fortunate enough to see the mill will be well repaid for their trouble. The men are so evenly matched for size, science, and gluttony, that it will not be an odds on chance for either.

* * *

THE ring news and gossip in our last issue was certainly appreciated by our readers in all parts of the kingdom, because we have received many letters complimenting us on the brilliancy of the paper. Orders were increased by many of the wholesale agents who claim that the paper is one of exceptional merit to be gradually increasing in circulation at a season of the year when all other publications are falling off. They predict a rapid advance for THE MIRROR OF LIFE when the boxing season is in full sway, because it is a publication that supplies a long felt want.

* * *

GEORGE CORFIELD evidently counts on a certain victory over Alf. Gower in their coming contest because he is negotiating for a battle with Charley Kelly, of New York, to occur in November. One of Gower's admirers claims that where there is life there is hope, and for that reason Corfield should not count on "chickens before they are hatched."

* * *

ACCORDING to all reports, Jabez Balfour has been inveigled on a British warship, and is now on his way to England. Taking into consideration the vast amount of trouble and expense he has caused the authorities, his return will be hailed with delight by the Liberator victims. Much credit is due the Scotland Yard authorities for their persistent efforts in bringing about the capture.

* * *

PETER JACKSON has at last got an opportunity of talking business with James J. Corbett, and unless the black fellow has gone off considerably in his fighting, he will convince the public that in previous battles he has won with a tidy bit up his sleeve.

* * *

HAIR-DRESSING parlours and public-houses should always keep THE MIRROR OF LIFE on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals and THE MIRROR OF LIFE is at the head of that list.

A FLIRTATION AND ITS USUAL RESULTS.

Innocent Amusement that Generally Terminates Disagreeably to all Concerned.

(Subject of Illustration.)

FLIRTING appears to be an innocent and harmless amusement, but it seldom terminates so. Many young girls are brought to disgrace through the practice which should receive the condemnation of every honourable man. There are many ways for a flirtation to be brought about. Possibly on the thoroughfare, in the theatre or concert hall, and occasionally at church. It is not an uncommon occurrence for men to flirt from the windows of their sitting-rooms with a female in the neighbourhood. Such a flirtation may end with merely the exchange of kisses thrown at each other, but it is more likely that the man will sign up to the young lady to take a stroll out. He overtakes her in the street, and then follows a fascinating promenade, possibly a trip to the sea-shore for an afternoon's love-making scene. A few such meetings makes the female bold, and in nine cases out of ten it will result in the young man being invited to spend an evening at the young lady's home. He don't enter in the same way that a lover or admirer should, but he is requested to step easy and enter without detection. Such courtship means no good to either party, and frequently ends in a sad manner to the woman, and expensive to the man, with disgrace upon both.

MISS MARIE FINNEY.

A Lady who is Noted for Feats of High Diving.

(With Portrait.)

MISS MARIE FINNEY attained her reputation by successfully diving off London Bridge, September 27, 1889. She has given exhibitions at nearly all the music-halls in the kingdom with James Finney, the expert fancy and trick swimmer.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

An Englishman Forces Cowboys to Respect Him.

(Subject of Illustration.)

PEOPLE from the Western States are usually timid when they come in contact with the cowboys in the western part of the United States, and that necessarily prompts the rough fellows to play all manner of jokes at the visitors' expense. Shooting a cigar from the mouth, or plugging a hat with bullets are ordinary practises. The gathering in a public house at Topeka, Kansas, were recently surprised to behold the entrance of an English tourist, who, with a revolver in hand, defied those present to molest him in his rambles. The cowboys regarded him as quite a curiosity, and tendered him quite a reception for assuming such an indifferent air to the dangers that generally prevail.

STAGE FAVOURITES.

Miss Lois Fuller

has proved herself to be quite a favourite here, on the Continent, and in America. She was born on a farm in the State of Illinois, and first appeared on the stage at the Academy of Music in Chicago, in children's parts. Later on she appeared in dramas, comedies, melo-dramas, and farce comedies, but failed to create any great amount of notoriety till she participated in serpentine dances. Miss Fuller improved the dance, and rapidly became a favourite, appearing at Berlin, Hamburg, and Paris. At the Folies Bergère, Paris, she received a salary of 18,000 francs a month. It is only recently that she appeared at a London theatre, and was well received.

Henry E. Dixey

will shortly begin a season's engagement in London. He was born in Boston, U.S.A., in 1859, and went on the stage when but nine years of age. He was a clever dancer, and acted as the hind legs of the heifer in the Evangeline Company. After scoring a success in "Iolanthe," a comic opera, he blossomed forth as the star in "Adonis," scoring a success here and in the States. Dixey "starred" in "The Seven Ages" and "The Solicitor," but not meeting with success, he returned to his old play, "Adonis." He possesses remarkable powers of mimicry and grace as a dancer, and is sure to make a success of his proposed venture in London during the autumn season.

FRANK W. SHORLAND.

Champion Amateur Bicyclist at Long Distance Racing.

(With Portrait.)

FRANK W. SHORLAND, of New Southgate, has won, for the third time in succession, the 100 guinea cup given for the twenty-four hours' cycle championship. In his last win at Herne Hill, July 27 and 28, he succeeded in accomplishing the phenomenal performance of 460 miles 1,296 yards within the prescribed time, thereby lowering all previous records from ninety miles upwards. Shorland was tendered quite a reception on his return to New Southgate, his fellow-townsmen feeling justly proud of their undisputed champion.

SECURED HIS RELEASE.

The Forcible Manner in which a Young Girl Secures her Lover's Escape.

(Subject of Illustration.)

LODGED in gaol in Sacramento is a young lady who is held for trial for aiding in the escape of a desperate criminal. It appears that whilst the man was lodged in gaol his sweetheart called, and by presenting a revolver at the head of the gaoler she made way for her lover to get free. The escaped convict secured a horse and rode up in the mountains, securing several hours' start. Meanwhile the young girl was overpowered and confined in a cell, where she will remain until her trial comes off.

SHOCKED AT BATHING COSTUMES.

A Bevy of Bathers have Sport with a Countryman.

(Subject of Illustration.)

AN amusing scene was enacted at a prominent seashore resort the other day. A farmer went there for a day's outing, and securing a chair he took up his position on the sands, so that he could survey all that was transpiring. A bevy of girls perceived he was a stranger to seaside resorts, and they walked up before him to get his opinion on their bathing costumes. He professed to be shocked at the sight before him, though he lingered about the sands as long as there was a bather in sight.

HIS POSITION NOT AN ENVIABLE ONE.

How a Bather was Kept from Dressing for Several Hours.

(Subject of Illustration.)

PERSONS who desire to go bathing should never fail to don a proper costume. It is all very well to risk engaging a sea bath devoid of a proper bathing costume in a secluded spot, and you may be fortunate enough to avoid discovery a dozen times, but there is always a risk, as a certain gentleman can vouch for. He had entered the water in an isolated place, when to his surprise there hove in view a loving couple. To avoid detection he got in a cask on the sands, and, as is usually the case, under such trying circumstances the intruders halted directly where he was concealed, the female making use of the cask for a seat. Her lover happened to be somewhat of a poet, and stood before her reading verses of love, causing the unfortunate no end of inconvenience. The little love-making contest occupied several hours, when the couple strode off, and the victim was afforded an opportunity to get out of the hiding place cold and stiffened up.

JOHNNY BOYLE.

A Glasgow Pugilist who Challenges the World at 9st 6lb.

(With Portrait.)

JOHNNY BOYLE, the Glasgow pugilist, who challenges the world at 9st 6lb, was born at Oakbank, near Glasgow, twenty-six years ago. He is a quiet, unassuming fellow, possesses a determined demeanour, and is admired by all who know him. Being a good rough-and-tumble fighter he obtained considerable notoriety by his victories. Turning his attention to ring fighting he readily attained considerable prestige. His principal matches were when he met Watty Riley, and won, at the Star Music Hall, Shield. He defeated M. McGowan, at Shelliestan, at Newcastle, in two rounds. Won from Brady, of Newcastle, and in his proposed match with Sam Blakelock, of London, he was scurvily treated by those in charge of the London man's money. The match with Arthur Valentine at catch-weight was off, for no other reason than Boyle would have nothing to do with anyone connected with those who backed Blacklock, because his experience in the former affair was sufficient to last him for a long time. He is now open to take on anyone at 9st 6lb, and has plenty of good backing.

MIKE ("CHAPPIE") MORAN.

A Coventry Pugilist who Claims the 7st 9lb Championship of England.

(With Portrait.)

MICHAEL, better known as Chappie Moran, who defeated Tom Fitzpatrick at Sheffield, July 30, for £100, the gate receipts, and the 7st 9lb championship, was born at Birmingham, December 12, 1868. He stands 5ft 2in, and scales at 7st 9lb in condition.

He received his boxing education in Birmingham; but on July 5, 1887, when nineteen years of age, went to America and joined the Scottish American Club of Jersey City. He made his first appearance before the club in 1887, when he won the bantam-weight championship of America, defeating G. Denham, of Brooklyn, in the opening round, and F. Donovan, of Brooklyn, in the final. In 1888, Moran again won the bantam-weight championship of America, defeating F. Donovan and D. O'Brien. After a trip to England Moran returned to America in 1889, and again competed for the bantam-weight championship, and after having the best of the bout the referee's decision was in favour of D. O'Brien. Moran turned professional in the early part of 1889, and beat J. Watson, of Paterson, N.J., in four rounds, at Jersey City, N.J. Returning to England, Moran defeated F. Brown, of Birmingham (who weighed 9st), in four rounds. Matched with C. Gower, of London, but no battle took place, and afterwards met Billy Plimmer, of Birmingham, in an eight-round contest; beat Tom Varley (9st), at Alf Greenfield's, Birmingham; met Patsy Sheehan, of London, at the Royal Aquarium, but the referee's decision was adverse to Moran. In March, 1889, Moran again sailed for America, and on May 22 of the same year he fought F. Donovan for the Bantam-weight Championship, with skin-tight gloves, and won in fourteen rounds. Moran next vanquished Bill Hensall, at the Knickerbocker Gardens, in three rounds; and at Philadelphia, before the Quaker City Athletic Club, he took down Jack Lynch's number in four rounds; and at Arthur Chambers', the Champion's Rest, Philadelphia, he again beat Jack Lynch in six rounds. At Paterson, N.J., Moran beat J. Watson in six rounds; and shortly afterwards was matched to fight Tommy "Spider" Kelly, of Harlem, N.J., but the latter forfeited; again matched with Kelly, who was almost a stone the heavier man, to fight with skin-tight gloves, for £100, and after fighting ten rounds, during which Moran had all the best of the fighting, Kelly got home a chance blow, and won. Moran again challenged Kelly, who refused to fight. He again returned to England, and on December 22, 1890, at Bat Mullins' School of Arms, he beat Patsy Sheehan, of London, with small gloves, in eight rounds. On June 10, 1891, Moran beat Sid Phillips, of London, with small gloves, at the National Sporting Club, the contest extending over twenty rounds, in one hour and twenty minutes. Moran's next opponent was G. Smith, whom he beat in six rounds with small gloves at Birmingham. On November 7, 1891, Moran again returned to America, and was matched to fight Eddie Avery, of Brooklyn, N.Y., with skin-tight gloves, for £100 and Bantam-weight Championship of America; but the contest fell through at the ring side, owing to Avery's backer failing to post his money. February 6, 1892, at the New York Athletic Club, Moran knocked out Jack Finlay, of New York, in four rounds, for a purse of £20. On February 27, 1892, Moran sent Frank Donovan to sleep in five rounds, at the Manhattan Athletic Club. In March, 1892, at the Grand Army Hall, Brooklyn, N.Y., Moron met Eddie Avery, of New York, for £50 a-side, two-thirds of the gate money, and the 7st 7lb Championship of America. After fighting seven rounds, in which Moran showed to the best advantage, the spectators several times broke into the ring, and the referee decided the fight a draw. As Moran saw no chance of getting on another match in America he sailed for England on April 9, 1893. For some time after his arrival he tried to get on a match with several members of the 7st 7lb division, but it was not until July that he should have met Fred Precious, of Birmingham; for the 7st 9lb Championship and £50 a-side. The battle was fixed to take place at Harry Thompson's, Leeds Gymnasium, and they weighed in on July 10, but owing to Precious refusing to fight before July 12, the match was never brought to an issue. December 11, 1893, at Drill Hall, Sheffield, he was beaten by George Cornfield, in a twenty round contest for £200 and the gate receipts. His last battle, on July 30, at the same place, for £100 and the 7st 9lb Championship against Tom Fitzpatrick, was awarded to Moran at the end of the twentieth round.

WIFE: "You made a pretty appearance last night. It's disgraceful."

Husband: "My dear, it was your appearance that made all the trouble. If you had not come to the head of the stairs you never would have known anything about my sleeping in the hall."

THEY SAY

— That at West London Albert Jackson, bookmaker's clerk, was fined £5 for being concerned with two other men in causing an obstruction in Warwick Road, Kensington, by betting.

* * *

— John Murray, James Brown, and John Smith, of Sunderland, and Alex. Wallace, of Norton, bookmakers, were each fined £5 at West Hartlepool for betting in the Victoria Football Grounds on the occasion of the local harriers' sports. Murray said in excuse that he had laid bets at the sports without hindrance, and even at the Sunderland police sports July 28, but the plea was not entertained.

* * *

— That at the Liverpool Assizes Jane Pendlebury, charwoman, was indicted for the manslaughter of her illegitimate child, aged one year and eight months, at Ince-in-Makerfield, near Wigan, by wilfully neglecting it. Medical evidence was to the effect that the child had been systematically neglected, and was mere skin and bone. The jury found the prisoner guilty, with a recommendation to mercy. She was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour.

* * *

— That a fight between negro non-unionist miners and strikers at a small camp in the vicinity of Pittsburg, Kansas, ended in the death of six men, and seven men and eight women were wounded.

* * *

— That at Liverpool Lavinia Hughes, twenty-four, recovered £50 damages from John Hassall Monteith, cashier to a cotton merchant. Under a promise of marriage it was alleged that defendant seduced plaintiff, and then deserted her and married another woman.

* * *

— That Tuesday, August 21, has been fixed for the execution of Albert Dews, twenty-eight, moulder, of Alverthorpe, near Wakefield, who was sentenced to death at Leeds Assizes for the murder of his infant child by poisoning it. Billington will be the executioner. The jury recommended the prisoner to mercy.

* * *

— That William Griffiths, alias Charles Bertrand, alias St. Elmer Donaldson, got three years and six months' penal servitude at Clerkenwell Sessions for getting change in various parts of London on cheques which were worthless. Detective Kane (D Division) said prisoner was the most expert forger of recent years in Europe and America. In 1875 he was "wanted" in Stafford, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, and several other towns, and this was the first time the English police had been able to lay hands on him. In June, 1880, he was convicted at San Francisco for uttering forged circular notes on the Union Bank of London. He was sentenced to eight years. Judge Farrell stating that it was his intention to give prisoner 10 years but for the fact that he had been twenty months in prison awaiting his trial. The delay was caused by a new constitution, and fresh laws had to be passed to give effect to the penal provisions.

* * *

— That Miss Ada Rehan's pet hobby is dressmaking, and most of her theatrical costumes are designed and finished by her own hands. Some of the most effective dresses worn by Miss Rehan in "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Country Girl," "As You Like It," and other plays in which she has appeared, were made in this way.

* * *

— That John Hodgson was fined £10 and costs, or one month's imprisonment, at Liverpool, for using a public-house for the purpose of betting.

* * *

— That Mr. Albert Chevalier is partly of Welsh and partly of French extraction. Curiously enough the coster's laureate was brought up as a boy with the idea of becoming a Catholic priest, although, as a matter of fact, he made his first appearance on the stage before he was sixteen years old. Twelve years have passed since then, and he now makes the study of Eastern religions his hobby.

* * *

— That Harry Sharp and Edward Butterworth were remanded at Liverpool charged with keeping a racing lottery. Daniel Seaward is charged with aiding them. It was stated that an extensive business was done, about £1,000 per week being distributed in prizes.

— That the wettest place in the world is Cherryponge, in South-western Assam, where the average annual rainfall is 610in. In 1861 the rainfall there reached 905in. London will feel hurt.

* * *

— That Sir Augustus Harris, his wife and daughter are passengers on the *Ciit, of Paris* bound for New York, and they will return to England by the same vessel on its return passage. Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Daly and Miss Ada Rehan are passengers on the same steamer.

OLD SAYINGS.

As poor as a church mouse,
As thin as a rail,
As fat as a porpoise,
As rough as a gale,
As brave as a lion,
As spry as a cat,
As bright as a sixpence,
As weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock,
As sly as a fox,
As mad as a March hare,
As strong as an ox,
As fair as a lily,
As empty as air,
As rich as was Croesus,
As cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel,
As neat as a pin,
As smart as a steel trap,
As ugly as sin,
As dead as a door nail,
As white as a sheet,
As flat as a pancake,
As red as a beet.

As round as an apple,
As black as your hat,
As brown as a berry,
As blind as a bat,
As mean as a miser,
As full as a tick,
As plump as a partridge,
As sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny,
As dark as a pall,
As hard as a millstone,
As bitter as gall,
As fit as a fiddle,
As clear as a bell,
As dry as a herring,
As deep as a well,

As light as a feather,
As hard as a rock,
As stiff as a poker,
As calm as a clock,
As green as a gosling,
As brisk as a bee,
And now let me stop,
Lest you weary of me.

JACK ASHORE.

How Those who Follow the Sea are Taken In after a Long Cruise, and Deprived of their Hard-earned Money.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THERE is no class of people alive so badly used and abused as the sailor. When on a long cruise a sailor is not fed on the best a market affords, and his duties are anything but pleasant, whilst his life is in constant danger of finding a watery grave. When they return to London after a protracted sea voyage they are like a lot of caged birds given freedom. They immediately set off for a good time. In any public-house that one of them will call at, all present will be liberally treated to as much liquor as he may chose. In some districts there are places that exist by depriving the poor sailor of his hard earned money. Women are kept close by, and they beguile Jack into purchasing plenty of drink. They may inveigle him into a dance, but that is merely for the purpose of getting the liquor to work with more rapidity on the brain, so that he will prove easy prey. Occasionally a sailor will display cunning by depositing his money with gentlemanly strangers for safe keeping. Sometimes the gentlemanly stranger will return a portion of the cash on demand, but oftener he will manage to find a way to hold all or nearly all the money placed in his care. It is generally the same old story that Jack winds up a wreck in port, and has to be carried aboard the boat and sobered up before he can do service for another voyage.

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

In purchasing THE MIRROR OF LIFE you are given a Weekly Journal of which eight pages are made up solely of expensive woodcuts, the illustrations being drawn by the very best artists obtainable. It gives you incidents in an accurate and striking manner.

Our reading columns comprise spicy news such as is interesting to all classes. THE MIRROR OF LIFE will not at any time touch on the borders of immorality, because sensational news can be written in a bright way without a tendency to corrupt humankind.

We claim in pugilism to be ahead of any weekly published in any part of the world.

Our motto is at all times to be just and fearless.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

ROSE: "Harry has such a cheerful disposition. He never borrows trouble."

Daisy: "I have been told he makes an exception of that."

* * *

VISITOR: "Where is your mamma?"

Little Girl: "She has gone out for five minutes two hours ago."

* * *

HE (impatiently): "You bet if I were a woman I'd make up my mind mighty quick."

She: "Then you wouldn't be a woman."

* * *

"CHOLLY pursued a number of studies at college, didn't he?"

"Yes, he pursued 'em, but I don't think he ever caught up with any."

* * *

HE: "You are the one girl among a thousand."

SHE: "I didn't suppose there had been more than a dozen or so."

* * *

"Do you ever go through you husband's pockets at night after he is asleep?" asked one lady of another.

"No," was the reply. "John never comes home while he has a penny left."

* * *

CLARA: "Oh, you need not deny it, Effie! My ears do not deceive me. Some one kissed you in the garden last night."

Zella: "And with your ideas of propriety, too. I should think you would be ashamed of yourself."

Effie: "I wouldn't preach, girls, if I were you. Neither of you objects to some men kissing you."

Clara: "Oh, but that's quite a different thing; and, besides, I only let my fiancé kiss me."

Effie: "Why, then, it's quite the same thing, for it was your fiancé who kissed me!"

* * *

"JOHN," said the wife to the husband who was struggling with business difficulties. "I think you would get along better if you could make people think you are doing well."

"Ah," exclaimed the husband, "but how can I make them think that?"

"Just you rig me out in fine clothes, and everybody will think you are making a fortune."

* * *

WIFE: "I feel dreadfully anxious about Howard. I'm afraid he's not well."

Mother: "What are his symptoms?"

Wife: "He didn't growl about his breakfast once."

* * *

HE: "I could hypnotise you so that within an hour you would throw your arms around my neck."

She: "I could hypnotise you with that effect in five minutes."

* * *

ATTORNEY: "When did you begin to suspect that the defendant and this woman were not legally married?"

Witness: "Three years after they began living together at my house."

Attorney: "What aroused your suspicions?"

Witness: "Why, I saw them hugging and kissing each other, and I knew at once that something was wrong."

* * *

MAMMA: "Are you and George as much in the dark as ever in your love affairs?"

Mabel: "Oh, yes; George always turns out the gas entirely after 9 p.m."

* * *

DINER: "Waiter, there are lots of flies in this soup."

Waiter: "Yes, sir; curious thing about flies, sir; they have the whole restaurant to fly about in, and yet they are not content until they get into the soup, where they are not only drowned, but scalded into the bargain. Yes, sir; flies is curious things."

* * *

MRS. ROBINSON: "Oh, you brute!"

Mr. Robinson: "What's the matter now, dear?"

MRS. R.: "Here, I've been hunting high and low for my bathing suit, and you're using it for a pen wiper. Oh—!!!"

* * *

DRAMATIST: "What are you doing there?"

Doorkeeper: "Please, sir, the manager told me to keep all the doors open while your play is being performed, so that in case of fire or any other annoyance the audience may be able to escape as quickly as possible."

* * *

HE: "I have something to say to you—permit me to take you apart."

She: "Certainly—if you will put me together again."

* * *

TRAMP: "I am starving, sir. I ask but bred."

Young Husband: "Well, take my advice and don't ask my wife for bread."

* * *

MABEL: "An Iowa man was so touched by the kindness and consideration of a girl who laced up his shoe that he proposed to her."

Ethel: "Yes, I read about that. But it doesn't do me any good."

Mabel: "Why not?"

Ethel: "Charlie wears gaiters."

THEY CRITICISED THE COOKING.

Women of Leisure given a Surprise at an All-night Cafe.

SECURED HIS RELEASE.

The Forcible Manner in which a Young Girl Secures her Lover's Escape.

SKIRT DANCING AT A SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

Jealousy Between Rival Schools Creates a Riot and a General Row.

STRIKERS LIBERATE A PAL.

The Prompt Action of a Woman Secures Freedom for a Disturber of the Peace.

TURF NOTES.

BRIGHTON, PAISLEY, and LEWES.

LEWES HANDICAP.

THE WEEK'S FINALS.

The fact that owners are called upon to nominate their candidates for the Cesarewitch in the second October, and the Cambridgeshire at the Houghton Newmarket Meetings, foreshadows the closing of the flat-racing season, which at one time was considered its legitimate end, but not so in these go-ahead days, because after they have been placed on the records the Manchester November Handicap will still be left to speculate upon, and steeplechasing will, weather permitting, carry us uninterruptedly through '94. This week the latter half of the Sussex fortnight will be brought to a conclusion with the Brighton and Lewes Meetings, and the inhabitants of the Land o' Cakes will be enjoying the sport on Thursday and Friday at Paisley. To-day, at Brighton, the Cup will be the chief event, and Avington, who is not overdone in the matter of weight over his favourite distance, may have the most to fear from Grey Leg, and an interesting finish will be witnessed; the one time speedy Marnovia may have a cut in, but a shorter course would, I think, be more to her liking. The one that is certainly well in is Irish Wake, and, providing he is fit and well, I shall fully expect him to be close up in a small field, if not actually the winner. The Sussex Plate will bring out some speedy ones, and Acrobat, with his 10lb penalty, will probably be an absentee, and the three-year-olds, Bethisy, Go 'Lightly, and La Nievre, are such good class that one of this age may be fortunate enough to get home. In making a selection the best appears to be La Nievre. Santa Luna, who has previously performed over this course, with Gay Boy, looks well in the Berwick Welter Handicap, and Ariette and Cheam in the Rottingdean Plate, on Thursday. The High Weight Handicap—The previous running in the Marine and Sussex Plates will be some guide; at the same time Hawkesbury and Liebershede are worthy of notice, which also applies to Improver in the Seaford Welter. For'ard On may, with Freak, be the best of the forty-seven in the Cliftonville Plate, and Primrose Way should add another winning bracket in the South Down Plate. The Lewes Handicap, with its 1,000 sovs, will bring out a fair muster, and some of them will fight their Manchester Cup battle over again. Shancrotha, who divided with Red Ensign, is here set to give the improving Kilsallaghan 11lb. This he should do comfortably, because in their last meeting the latter was in receipt of 10lb, and could get no nearer than fourth to him, yet even he at the weights may not be the best the stable can supply. Cardrona and the recent winner, Newcourt, with Street Singer, all hail from the same stable, and probably the latter, who is very smart, may be the trusted one. This colt was greatly fancied for the Great Cheshire Stakes, but did not seem to relish the finish; but at the Derby Meeting only lost the High Peak Plate by a short head. Wensley, who must be more than a commoner to be fancied for the Stewards' Cup last week, and with the sensational Self Sacrifice in the same company, P'Anson will have a strong hand to play South, and may repeat the victory of last year, when Newcourt landed this event in a canter for the Malton stable. El Diablo has a fair chance on his third to Avington in the Jubilee, and might do his followers a turn; whether the extra half mile will be in his favour remains to be seen. The same stable have another representative, although not in the same interest, in Pilot, who on the day will, I think, be the one for duty, and should run very close. Irish Wake may be seen earlier in the Brighton Cup, but is good enough to take his own part with 8st 4lb, and if seen at the post should not be allowed to run loose, because on the handicap terms he appears to have somewhat the best of it. I anticipate that it will be carried off by one of the 8st division. Irish Wake may secure the honours for Danebury. Ancajano has been a rod in pickle for some time, but these oft-quoted good things seldom repay, and of those lower down, such as Poets' Corner, Miss Patty, ran, and Frensham are a trifle out-classed when placed in the field with Paddy, though Simon Frazer's November victory over this course must not be forgotten, as he beat both Kilsallaghan and Avington easily, and with only 7st 2lb reads dangerous—one that may effect a surprise. A likely four to supply the situation comprise Shancrotha, Pilot, Simon Frazer, and Low Moor, and should finish in the order named. The remaining events may fall to those indicated below:—

WEDNESDAY.—BRIGHTON.

The Cup,
Avington or **Irish Wake.**

The Sussex Plate,
La Nievre.

The Berwick Welter,
Santa Luna.

The Rottingdean Plate,
Ariette or **Cheam.**

THURSDAY.

The High Weight Handicap,
Liebershede or **Hawkesbury.**

The Seaford Welter,
Improver.

The Cliftonville Plate,
Freak or **For'ard On.**

The Southdown Plate,
Primrose Way.

PAISLEY.

The Renfrewshire Handicap,
Old Hoppy or **Jessme.**

The St. James' Park Plate,
Glideaway.

The Glasgow Welter,
Black and White.

The Barshaw Plate,
Petrea or **Pippin.**

The Elderslie Plate,
Vestal Virgin or **First Water.**

FRIDAY.

The Silver Bells Handicap,
Hiatus.

The Greenock Plate,
Castlereese or **Whurle.**

The Blythswood Hunt Flat,
The Ming or **Helmweed.**

The Ardgowan Hurdle,
Draconic.

LEWES.

The Club Open Handicap,
Warrington or **Garrick.**

The De Warrenne Handicap,
Rewallan.

The Astley Stakes,
Lauriada or **Pet of the Chase.**

The Priory Two-Year-Old,
Hazehill or **Pardale.**

SATURDAY.

The Lewes Handicap,

Shancrotha	...	1
Pilot	... ...	2
Low Moor	...	3

The Hamsey Welter,
Mortaigne.

The Mile Selling Handicap,
Bad Start or **Ben Shie.**

CHALK.

FAMOUS RACEHORSE DEAD.

The Duke of Westminster's horse, Bullingdon, died August 2, at Liverpool, whither he had been despatched with a view to contesting the St. George Stakes. The evening previous to the race he so knocked himself about in his box that he could not run, and mortification set in from these injuries and caused death. Bullingdon made his début on the first day of the Ascot Meeting last year, when he had the misfortune to run up against Ladas, to whom in the Coventry Stakes he finished second. In his next essay he was the last of four to Sempronius for the Hurstbourne Stakes at Stockbridge. But at Goodwood he showed great improvement, and placed two races to the credit of his owner—the Ham Stakes, for which he started an odds-on favourite, and the Prince of Wales's Stakes, wherein he unexpectedly beat Glare and Galloping Dick. Of these two Glare avenged her Goodwood defeat in a match at Newmarket, for the Buckingham Stakes. This was Bullingdon's last race as a two-year-old, and he did not make another public appearance till Derby Day. Heavily backed by somebody, but reckoned by the stable inferior to Matchbox, he cut up in indifferent fashion, finishing behind such a commoner as Clwyd. Next he bewildered students of book form by beating Ladas in the Princess of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket, and running Isinglass to a short head. His last race was for the Midsummer Plate at the Newmarket Second July Meeting, which he won after a desperate race with Styx, whose prominent display caused Bullingdon's running with Ladas and Isinglass to be regarded as something of a fluke. He was an animal of distinguished parentage, being by Melton—Shotover, both Derby winners.

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN

— J. Green, T. Osborne, P. W. Brown, and Chapman will be competitors in the bicycling races at Antwerp, August 12, 13, and 16.

— John S. Johnson, the record-breaking American cyclist, threatens to turn professional.

— That Jem Mace will take a benefit at Central Hall, Holborn, August 13.

— That Sam Baxter is training Captain Goldschmidt and Corporal Collins at Pembroke Dock for the Army Boxing Championships at Aldershot.

— That the twelfth annual race for the Amateur Swimming Championship of the Avon, promoted by the Bristol Leander Club, was won by C. Parsons for the third time.

— That Jerry Driscoll, the middleweight pugilist, wants a customer for October.

— That Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, will reach here the last of August.

— That Mike Donovan, America's premier boxing instructor, sailed for home, August 7.

— That ex-Alderman Mr. James Dunne, of Brooklyn, is in Paris.

— That Bert Smith is confident he will defeat Goody York in their twenty-round contest at Middlesex Hall, Edmonton, August 20.

— That Billy Edwards will sail for New York next week.

— That Arthur Cellan promises to render a good account of himself in his knuckle fight with Jack Gover in France, August 16.

— That H. Meakins defeated C. Everett in a heel and toe walking match for £10 at Plumstead.

— That Jack Hibberd, of the East End, is prepared to walk any man in the world a race of twelve hours per day for six days for £50 or £100 a-side.

— That W. Rennie, of Oldham, beat E. Wright, of Gladwick, in a four-mile walk at Oldham for £10.

— That James Ray, the long distance walker, will shortly visit the States to compete in a race to be held there in the autumn.

—That Felix Dennis, of the Springfield, New Southgate, is respected as one of the sound sports of the north district of London.

— That Bill Eyles, of Islington, bungers for another twenty round contest with Martin Denny, the Australian.

THEY CRITICISED THE COOKING.

Women of Leisure given a Surprise at an All-night Café.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Patrons to a certain all-night café were treated to a surprise the other evening. Two women of leisure entered in company with an impromptu acquaintance and ordered supper. When the food was spread before them they started to criticise the manner in which it was prepared and heaped an ample amount of abuse upon the cook. It happened that the cook overheard the conversation, and without a word of warning she proceeded to the table and pulled the covering off, letting the dishes and food drop to the floor. She told the women what she thought of them, and then put on her hat and quitted the job intimating that she would tolerate no abuse from fallen women.

THEATRICALS IN THE NORTH.

"Barney," writing from the North, says: "At the People's Palace Theatre, Sunderland, the Mannons have proved a card, but I think their sketch, "Logical Lodgers," is just a bit ancient. Avolos, triple bar performers, work hard for and receive unbounded applause. Jacko and Joco, Carrie Laurie, and others are amongst the newcomers, while Jay Pay Dane remains from last week.

At the Avenue, Joseph Hamilton's dioraminatrels have this theatre for a week, and are being fairly well patronised. The show on the whole is a good one.

At the Empire Theatre, Newcastle-on-Tyne, an excellent programme is given. Foremost is shapely Harriett Vernon, who succeeds in drawing 'em. The Sisters Lloyd are very old favourites, as are also the McNaughtons, who have introduced a lot of new biz.; they are certainly the best in their line. Also the Haytors, Spry and Austin, Marie Collins, and several others. Big houses are the rule.

The Peoples' Palace closed for summer season, but open next week with the two houses a night system, and you bet biz. will be big, under Ernest Sheldon's able management.

Thornton's Varieties at South Shields have the Poluskas, Vesta Victoria, Tom Wootwell, Paul Langtry, and the Snowdens for attractions; whilst at the Royal Mrs. Snowden's stock companies are showing to moderate business because of the heated term.

SINGULAR ALLEGATIONS IN A COUNTY COURT.

At Lambeth County Court the well-known serio-comic, professionally styled Eva Lester, appeared as a defendant at the suit of Mr. Alfred Parr, who trades at 262, Brixton Road, as the Metropolitan Wringing Machine Company. The action was brought to recover £12, the value of a mangle, a towel-horse, and sundry other articles, and £3 3s., the unpaid balance of £5 8s. on a case of wine. Miss Lester admitted the case as presented, and set up the startling defence that the intimacy between herself and Parr had been so close that he had made her a present of the goods. "Didn't you tell me to come to the shop and select the things?" she asked the tradesman. "Nothing of the kind." "Didn't you ask me to receive your visits, and didn't you say, 'Send down to my shop and I will send the things up?'"—Parr replied, "You know you are telling a lie." But Miss Lester persisted that he had said "I will send them up, Eva," and a moment later the case passed from the amusing to the serious. Miss Lester called upon the tradesman to produce a certain letter from her. Parr denied that he had one; he might have had, but he had not then got it. "No," broke out the lady, "you won't show it because it would let your wife know how you tried to procure an illegal operation upon me. It is hard enough for me to have suffered what I have without being shown up like this, and all because I wouldn't let him do as he liked with me." Parr denied that there were the slightest grounds for the accusation of immorality against him. The registrar told Miss Lester that she would have to prove that the goods were presents, and as she could only do so by calling evidence of Parr's visits to her, that was not sufficient. It was shown that £2 5s. had been paid on account; but Miss Lester declared she had never paid it, adding that Parr used to drink the wine when he visited her, and had himself paid the £2 5s. All that Parr repudiated, and with a sad, disgusted tone, Miss Lester sighed, "A woman feels she can't trust anyone nowadays," as an order for payment in monthly instalments was made against her.

THE VALKYRIE.

The unfortunate racing yacht *Valkyrie*, which was sunk last month when starting a race on the Clyde against the *Vigilant* and *Britannia*, was sold August 3, at Greenock. The first bid was one of £300, and eventually the yacht was knocked down to Mr. John Younger, iron merchant, of Glasgow, for £660. The small boats and sails also went cheap.

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MEMOIRS OF PETER CRAWLEY.

Peter Crawley's first introduction to the fancy was in a trial set-to with Mr. Thomas Watson, at George Head's rooms in East Harding Street, Gough Square, on Wednesday, February 11, 1818. This combat proved so satisfactory to all his friends, by the science and straight hitting displayed by Peter, that he was pronounced capable of having a "shy" in the prize ring, and in the ecstasy of the moment the sire of Crawley exclaimed, "My boy bids fair to become the champion of England." But, before we proceed to give an account of his grand entrée in the milling world we shall introduce to notice the capabilities he manifested as a boxer during his boyhood, and his successful exploits in skirmishes and "turns-up" with men of almost twice his height, strength, and years.

Peter was born at the residence of his father, in Newington Green, on the 5th of December, 1799, and was at the proper period of life initiated into the business of his father, who was one of the "cutting-up" tribe. Young Peter soon discovered a penchant for milling amongst the "boys of the clever" in Clare Market, and he was called upon to act as a second when little more than fourteen years of age, in the Long Fields, to a kid belonging to the above market.

In the course of the battle words ensued between the seconds and blows followed. Hurst, a big blacksmith, "pitched into" Peter before he could get his coat off, and while his arms were confined in the sleeves. But the instant our hero disengaged himself from his toggery, Hurst napped such lots of pepper in the course of three rounds that he was glad to cut it and acknowledge Crawley his master.

George Colman, also of Clare Market, had a turn up with Peter, in consequence of a dispute relative to a battle between two cocks. Some rounds occurred between them, when their respective friends interfered, and the parties retired from the scene of action without any decision obtained upon the subject.

Charles Bennet, a man of superior weight and age, likewise of Clare Market, a dog-fancier, had a shy with Peter for upwards of a quarter of an hour. Crawley was sorely disappointed in this contest, and deprived of his laurels, by the interference of the master of Bennet.

Peter had now become an object of attraction in the milling line in Clare Market as well as being envied by the "kil bull" fraternity. Sam Price, of the same place, had a trifling dispute with Peter about cocking, and threatened to serve out our hero without delay. "Come along," said Peter, "I'll do it well for you at the price; in fact, I will give you a prime thrashing, and not charge you one farthing for my trouble." This contemptuous mode of treating Price's boxing requisites made the latter angry, and he peeled, "eager for the fray."

In course of twenty minutes Price declared he would not fight any longer without Peter would allow him time to get his wind. To this unusual request Crawley agreed, and Price immediately took a walk, as his second termed it, to get a little air; but Tom never returned to finish the battle, leaving Peter master of the ground.

Crawley changed his place of residence, and Bloomsbury Market now became the scene of his exploits.

The Bloomsbury boys had quarrelled with the boys of the coal yard in Drury Lane, and a strong muster on both sides of the question met in battle array to decide the dispute. The pals of Crawley became panic-struck, bolted, and left Peter in the lurch. Harry Buckstone, the leader of the Coal Yard party, pitched into Peter, and had it not been for a gentleman who was passing by at the time, in all probability Crawley must have been soundly drubbed by the whole of the squad. The gentleman alluded to offered his services as a second to Peter, in order to have fair play.

Crawley now set to so hard and fast with Buckstone, punishing him in all directions, that the latter took to his heels and bolted, followed by all of his mob, the spectators laughing at the circumstances, and Peter receiving the applause of the spectators.

The next customer that came in the way of Peter was Tim M'Carthy, in the long field. Jack Randall witnessed this battle. The match was regularly made five "bob" a-side, and contested on both sides with as much spirit as if it had been for £500. In the course of twenty minutes poor Pat was done for.

During a visit to Bermondsey Peter was abused by a saucy waterman of the name of Tom Tyler, who had flattered himself that in consequence of a skirmish with Deaf Davis he could fight a "bit;" but he was most egregiously disappointed in standing before Crawley.

One punch from Peter, perhaps not altogether unlike the kick of a horse, so alarmed and satisfied Tyler, that he would not fight any more. This ludicrous circumstance took place opposite the Green Man in the Kent Road.

Peter had scarcely passed over his sixteenth year when he had an accidental turn-up with a strong carman, weighing 12½st, and about twenty-five years of age, belonging to Shirley, the distiller. Peter was driving his father's cart in order to collect skins, when he was met in Warwick Lane by the above carman, who would not give way, although on the wrong side of the road. Crawley remonstrated with the carman on the impropriety of his conduct; but the "Knight of the Whip" threatened to horsewhip Peter for his impertinence. "Stop a bit," says Crawley, "two can play at that fun; therefore I advise you to be cautious, and be careful that I do not get the whip-hand of you." Shirleys's carman was well-known in Newgate Market as a troublesome customer, but Peter nevertheless tackled him, without the slightest fear or apprehension of the result. The science of Crawley soon told on the upper works of the carman, and although a strong fellow, he was hit all to pieces, and, in course of half an hour, so severely punished by the heavy blows of Peter as not to be able to keep his pins. He was carried quite helpless into the distillery of his master, and notwithstanding every care was taken of him, some little time elapsed before he resumed his daily occupation.

Crawley accidentally went in one evening to the King's Head, in Cow Heel Alley, in Whitecross Street, to treat an acquaintance with something to drink, when he was rudely accosted by some Irishmen, and otherwise roughly treated.

Peter begged of the "Greciane" not to interfere with his company, when words arose between them. A row commenced, when Peter and his pal, Oliver (not Tom), disposed of several of the hod-men in succession, and ultimately cleared the whole room of all the "Patlanders"; but not until one of them had made use of the fire-shovel, belonging to the landlord, to crack Peter's sconce, and let out the claret. The "Charleys" were brought in to take Peter and his friend to the watch-house; but the landlord behaved like a trump, planted Crawley in his bar until the search was over, when Peter departed in safety. Owing to some trifling dispute between Crawley and an athletic brewer's servant in Whitecross Street, a turn up was the result, but in the course of four rounds, the big drayman was glad to acknowledge he had received too much.

Paddy Flanagan, an Irishman, full of pluck, and not less than six feet in height, much heavier than Peter, and also the advantage of ten years in age, had a turn up with Crawley. Flanagan purchased a loin of pork at the shop of Peter's father, during the bustle of Saturday evening, and appearing well satisfied with his bargain went away; but in a short time he returned with the pork, after he had cut off, on the sly, two of the ribs of the loin, and insisted they had deceived him with short weight.

Of course, this insinuation produced a row and great confusion in the shop, and Peter, at the request of his father, endeavoured to turn out Flanagan. Paddy showed fight, and for a short period was a strong troublesome customer on the stones. Peter was thrown flat on his back into the kennel full of water, and by his fall rendered completely wet through to the skin, and almost choked by the tight grasp of his antagonist upon his throat. Crawley, however, soon took the lead, and tipped it to Paddy Flanagan so completely, that at the end of half an hour resigned the contest to Peter.

About three weeks after the above row, Peter was standing during the evening at the corner of Redcross Street, when three Patlanders of the same squad rudely assailed him, and nearly pushed Peter off his balance. Remonstrance was in vain, but Crawley said to them, "Do not attack me altogether, only stand in a line and I will lick you, one after the other." This speech had not the desired effect; they all pitched into Peter at once, but he soon floored two of them, and the third bolted without waiting for a taste of Crawley's quality. In May, 1822, Peter set-to with Jack Carter, at the Cock-pit at Chester, during the races. During the above exhibition a chap denominated Billy Southerns offered to fight Carter. Southerns weighed 17st, and in height he measured 6ft 2in; notwithstanding, he was light as to flesh. Southerns, full of confidence, threatened to serve out both the fellows from town; and also reduce the consequence of Carter, who styled himself the "Champion of England." Carter could not get the best of Southerns, and, after two rounds, he sat down, when the bully boasted that he would mill Peter off hand.

The contest was long and severe between them, occupying 50min, and several rounds were truly terrific. The strength of Southerns enabled him to carry on the war; but, after the first three rounds, he was so nobbed by the fine science of Peter, floored frequently, and punished in all directions, as to be laughed at by the whole of the company for his vain boasting. Crawley was not only applauded for his high courage in finishing the bully in such first-rate style, but also well rewarded for his trouble by those present. Peter was nearly 5st under the weight of his powerful adversary. A fine example of the advantage of science over downright ruffianism.

On Peter's return to London, Dick Acton, well known in the Prize Ring, sent forth a challenge to our hero; the friends of both the pugilists met together according to appointment, and a match was made between Crawley and Acton, for £25 a-side. This battle was decided at Blindlow Heath, in Sussex, twenty-five miles from Westminster Bridge, on Tuesday, May 6, 1823.

For four years Peter (Young Rumpsteak) exhibited only in sparring exhibitions; labouring under the complaint of hernia it was generally understood by the sporting fraternity that he would not appear again in the Prize Ring. Crawley was well known in the pugilistic circles by his spirited and scientific battle with Tom Hickman, the Gaslight Man, at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, March 16, 1819. Acton, a pupil of Eale's, had also given some specimens of goodness; he had won a battle with Kendrick, but had been defeated by Ward. Crawley was the favourite, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1. Acton was in fine condition, and to all appearance must have weighed nearly 14st; Crawley looked thin, but was well, and about 12st 4lb. The thirteenth and last round was a most terrific one, and a better one was never witnessed in any battle. Crawley hit Acton all to pieces, and followed his opponent all over the ring till he was floored, and fell on his face, and when time was called, Acton was insensible. The battle was at an end in 16min, but, before Crawley was taken out of the ring by his seconds, an inquiry was made whether he had won the battle to make "all right." The umpires answered, "Certainly." It was a fine battle, Crawley won it in superior style, and Acton proved himself a very game man, and fought till Nature deserted him.

Peter, in order to fill up his leisure time, opened a butcher's shop the corner of Lumber Court, Seven Dials. Crawley likewise taught the art of self-defence in his rooms upstairs, and he was honoured with the patronage of several swells, who became pupils. During the time of his residence at the above place he was employed at Westminster Hall to assist in keeping order at the Coronation, and also the time the Hall was shown to the public.

After a year or two spent in chaffing between the backers of Ward and the friends of Crawley respecting a battle, a match was made between them, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on October 17, 1826, for £100 a-side, the fight to take place on Tuesday, January 2, 1827. The friends of Ward were so confident of his success that without hesitation they commenced betting at 6 and 7 to 4; and above 2 to 1 was sported freely before the event came off. The match was decided on Royston Heath, Cambridgeshire, within half a mile of the town of Royston; but owing to some misunderstanding between the gentlemen who had to appoint the place, and Bill Gibbons, some hundreds were completely "thrown out," and did not see the fight, after all their exertions to reach the scene of action.

A little before one o'clock Ward, followed by Josh Hudson and Rueben Martin, threw his upper crust into the ring; and Peter soon afterwards, attended upon by Tom Belcher and Harry Harmer, shied his "castor" as the token of defiance. Ward and Crawley shook hands, extremely good-natured, and then prepared to "peel." The colours—canary for Crawley, and a blue bird's eye for Ward—were tied to stakes. Peter weighed almost 13st, and Jem 12st 7lb. Ward, and nothing else, was the offer for betting, and 11 to 8 posted without hesitation.

In eleven rounds, lasting twenty-six minutes, Peter was declared the winner. "Boxiana" says it is urged that Ward did not fight so well with Crawley as he had done with other opponents. Granted! But there is no difficulty in accounting for this difference. Ward was opposed to length; also to equal, if not better science; and a harder hitter than any opponent he had been previously engaged with. Crawley possessed all the above requisites in his favour. According to the best judges of milling, and some of the most experienced boxers on the ground, they gave it as their opinion that Ward wanted the reach of his antagonist; and when Jem was in at his work it was only half-arm fighting. But Ward stood so extremely high in the estimation of his backers that they have frequently asserted Jem Belcher, in the best of his days, must have surrendered to the science of Crawley.

Without detracting in the smallest degree from the milling talents of Jem Ward, it should seem he had been a little overrated. Crawley, in the above battle, proved himself a pleasing, cool, confident boxer. He could stop skilfully, hit the hardest, and receive punishment without losing his temper — certain points towards conquest. In the first round Peter received a tremendous "floorer"; and the blow, given upon the tenderest point of the frame, was so severe that the blood gushed out from the corner of the eye; yet he returned to the scratch in the succeeding set-to like a stoic; also in the seventh round, in which he experienced a severe cross-buttock, enough to take the fight out of any man. Crawley shook it off, and hobbled up to the mark as game as a pebble. The left hand of Peter was mischievous in the extreme to Ward, and Jem, with all his science, could not prevent it from doing him severe mischief. Mark the contrast at the conclusion of the battle. Crawley conversed cheerfully with his friends, and his hands were as good as if he had not been fighting. Ward was insensible for a long time after he had been put to bed; he was not aware that he had been bled, and received the humane attention of the surgeon. The blow which Ward received in the second round, the severity of which floored him, he never recovered from, but felt its stupefying effect throughout the battle. Although Ward was defeated he proved himself "as game a man as ever stripped off a shirt." It is impossible to describe the long faces and other unpleasant looks of the surprised losers—it was worse than an electric shock to their feelings.

Peter, acting upon the adage that "All's well that ends well," and having obtained a most brilliant conquest in the eyes of the sporting world, sensibly made up his mind to leave the Prize Ring for other aspiring heroes to bustle in, and commenced publican. He therefore without delay opened the Queen's Head and French Horn, in Duke Street, West Smithfield.

STUCK THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

A Lad Gets even with his Sister and her Sweetheart.

(Subject of Illustration.)

When a lady is blessed with a young brother and is courted by a young man, she should cater to the desires of the lad, otherwise he is pretty certain to get into some mischief that will cause the sister to feel humiliated. For some time past a young lady at Dover has been receiving the attentions of a young man who had not used the brother of the fair one in a manner that the lad approved of. The lad secured a large sheet of fly-paper the other day and managed to place it against the back of the lounge, he himself creeping out of sight to await developments. The pair of lovers got their heads together, and, unfortunately, against the fly-paper; so when they started to move they found themselves stuck fast. The young lady screamed, and her parents rushed into the drawing-room. They released the pair and informed them the sooner they decided upon a date of marriage the better pleased they will be. The lad is amused at the turn of affairs, and declares that he will make it disagreeable for the proposed brother-in-law after the ceremony has been performed.

SKIRT DANCING AT A SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

Jealousy Between Rival Schools Creates a Riot and a General Row.

(Subject of Illustration.)

There is a small town in the state of Ohio, U.S.A., where considerable rivalry exists between the board schools, and each have been trying to outdo the other in giving entertainments. So great has the rivalry become of late that very few entertainments have been given without breaking up in a row and a general head-breaking.

For weeks it had been widely advertised that a certain school would cap the climax by giving an exhibition with attractions of a new variety in school matters.

In order to meet and successfully cope with the interest thus aroused, several skirt dancers were imported from Toledo, a large city in the same state, and they fairly paralysed the spectators with astonishment.

The house was packed, and before the programme was half completed the factions from other districts, overcome with jealousy, arose in their midst and swooped down on the performers.

A fearful melée followed, with clubs and stones as chief weapons.

When the dust had disappeared, broken seats, desks, and school supplies were found scattered about the room, and a large proportion of the participants were candidates for court plaster and bandages.

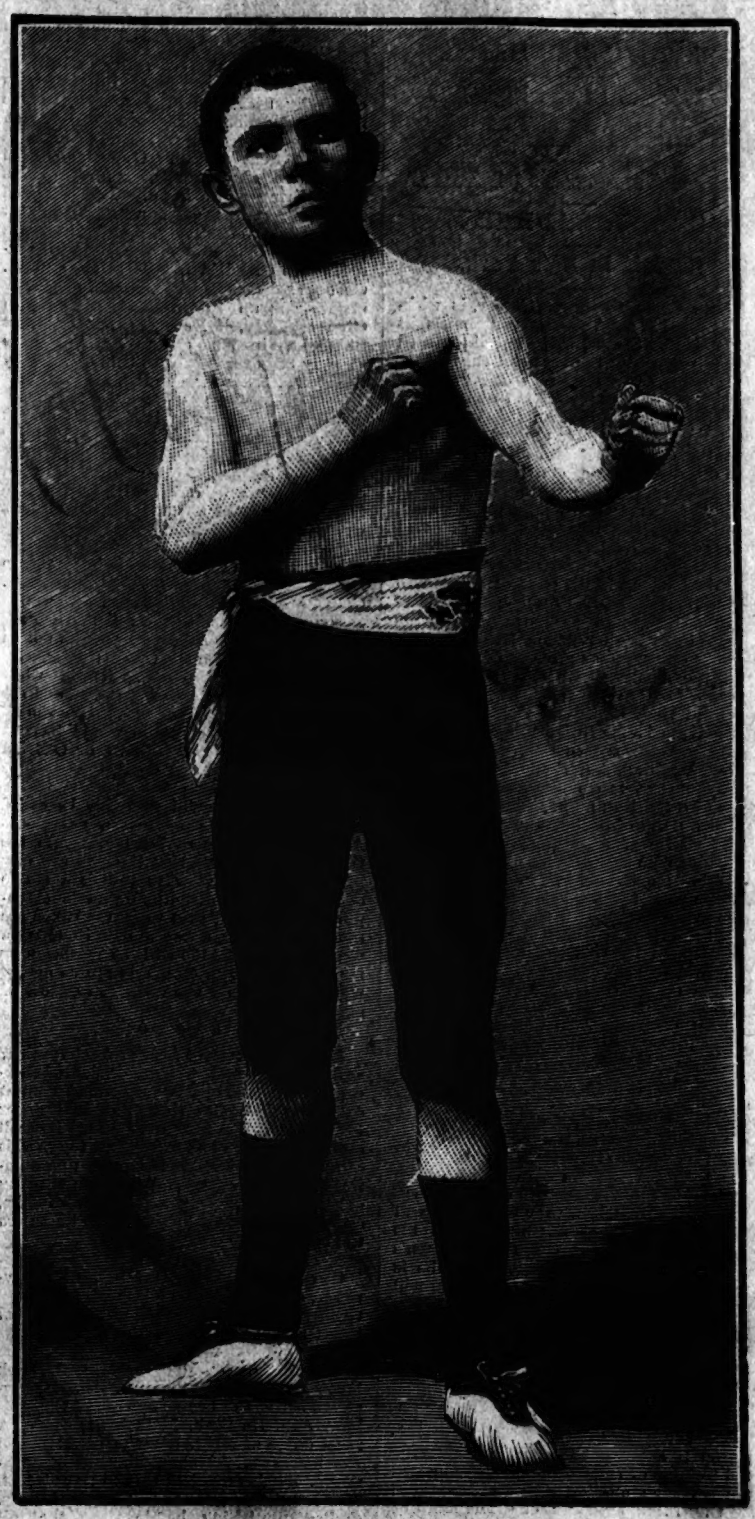
The serpentine dancers had fled, and the bone of contention thus removed, the hostile neighbours decamped, leaving a sorrowful termination of a much-advertised attraction.

JACK ASHORE.

How Those who Follow the Sea are Taken In after a Long Cruise, and Deprived of their Hard-earned Money.

JOHNNY BOYLE.

A Glasgow Pugilist who Challenges the World at 9st 6lb.



JACK MALONEY.

Champion 6st 10lb Pugilist of Great Britain.

MISS MARIE FINNEY.

A Lady who is Noted for Feats of High Diving.

FRANK W. SHORLAND.

Champion Amateur Bicyclist at Long Distance Racing.

AROUND THE RING.

CRAIG—O'BRIAN MATCH.

Interest in the Fight.

The Coffee Cooler's Form.

Yankee Law-Evading Scheme.

Gower-Corfield Battle.

Corbett in New York.

FRANK CRAIG, the Coffee Cooler, is without doubt the best American middle-weight in the United States, and is well entitled to championship honours in that class. For the past three years the New York sports have used every effort to produce a man to lower the black fellow's colours, but he has gradually mowed them all down like a flock of sheep. In two limited round battles Craig convinced the New Yorkers that he was superior to Dan Creedon as a 11st 4lb man, and the only one whom he has not met thus far is Bob Fitzsimmons. Craig's only desire is to fight, and he has never barred weight or colour in his propositions. Had he confined himself to meeting middle-weights, he would never have gone up against Peter Maher. The Irish Giant is the only one who can boast of a victory over The Cooler, and there are many people who will wager a lot of money that a second match between them would be productive of a far different result.

* * *

MIKE DONOVAN, America's Premier Boxing Instructor, is considered an excellent judge of a fighting man, hence his opinion is well worthy of notice. Donovan declares that Fitzsimmons is the only man he knows of who can dispose of the black at 11st 4lb. He sailed for New York, August 7, and upon his arrival he will at once make arrangements for Craig's immediate departure to this country. Craig will be accompanied by Denny Butler, a clever boxer and swimmer, and they will notify O'Brian to meet them at THE MIRROR or LIFE Office, to sign articles and arrange all details.

* * *

IT won't do for the American to hold O'Brian cheap, because he is a useful chap in a ring, and will get himself in the finest possible condition by October. He is a thoroughly game and a very much improved man over the form he displayed last winter. His friends in Cardiff have sent him to a quiet place in care of an experienced trainer, and they believe he will prove himself to be a tip-topper in his class. One thing in the Cardiff man's favour is that he don't know when he is beat, and before he will give in a man will have to knock him clean out of time. When he met Dave St. John it was the toss of a coin who would win up to the time the final blow was given, and after the mill was over O'Brian really believed he had won with a lot in hand.

* * *

WHOEVER wins will realise he has participated in a tough battle, and if it be the good fortune of the Cooler to score, he will at once issue a challenge to Ted Pritchard for the middle weight championship of England. The Craig-O'Brian match is already the subject of considerable discussion at the different sporting resorts, and as the time approaches the interest will increase amazingly.

* * *

A SYNDICATE of sporting men in New York City have raised close on to 3,000,000 dols. by subscription, for the purpose of erecting a large hotel and amphitheatre in the Atlantic Ocean, fourteen miles from New York City. By sounding the bottom, they have secured a level where the water is not so deep as in other places, and it is the intention to drive piles for a foundation to erect a structure on. The hotel will be arranged to accommodate a thousand or more people, and an amphitheatre to hold ten times that number. Being erected on the high sea the United States authorities would have no jurisdiction over the place, and prize fights could be advertised and decided there without fear of molestation. Efficient engineers have made plans for the proposed building, and are confident the arrangements can be successfully carried out.

* * *

THE Syndicate want the Corbett-Jackson fight for an opening meeting, and profess to say that they would be ready by November, if the men consented to accept the purse they would offer. A series of fights would be arranged for to be decided at intervals of two weeks each. Gambling privileges would be let to the highest bidder, and every move made to establish an institution similar to Monte Carlo. It is proposed to name the place Atalantas, and arrange with large steam boats to run daily trips to the place for the benefit of those who would care to go there to risk money at gambling.

* * *

THE scheme looks rather ridiculous to many, but the confidence the engineers have in its ultimate success is sufficient to dispel all doubt as to its feasibility. It is said that work has already begun on the law-breaking institution, and that two months hence the place will be nearly, if not entirely, finished.

* * *

ALF GOWER, the Mile End pugilist, is gradually becoming in favour with the London division in his proposed match with George Corfield, which takes place at Sheffield next month. Gower is a good fighter at short range, and possesses a punishing right hand. It is claimed that it requires such a man to get to Corfield effectively, and he will perform in a manner that will surprise the Sheffield lad when they meet. Corfield believes he will win, and is already negotiating an international match with Charley Kelly, of New York, to occur at Sheffield, in November. Articles have already been forwarded to this country by the New Yorker for Corfield's signature.

* * *

JAMES J. CORBETT arrived in New York city, August 1, and was met by a large party of friends, who journeyed down the New York Harbour to welcome Gentleman Jack's return. Corbett will ignore Bob Fitzsimmons till he has settled matters with Peter Jackson.

* * *

MARTIN COSTELLO, the Buffalo, wants to take on Ted Pritchard for a suitable purse. Costello has met with several reverses in the ring, but is considered a fairly good middle-weight in America, though not in the same class with the Coffee Cooler. He met Frank Slavin in Australia when Frank was a novice at the game, and the Australian scored the honours. We should hardly think that Costello would be good enough to take in Pritchard or O'Brian and make a decent showing.

* * *

PEDLAR PALMER will probably be called upon to do battle against a prominent American pugilist at 7st 8lb, before the first of November. Negotiations are now pending with a view to induce a lad to come here and dispute Palmer's championship claim at that weight. When the matter assumes a more definite shape a purse of at least £100 will be forthcoming from a well-known club, and ample money will be offered on the visitor's chances of success.

* * *

JERRY DRISCOLL, the naval champion, will probably meet George Chrisp, of Newcastle-on Tyne, in a twenty-round contest at the National Sporting Club in October for a purse. The battle will afford Driscoll an opportunity of showing how tough a bit of material he is. By his quiet unassuming demeanour Driscoll has made many substantial friends the past few months, and he will be well backed when he enters the ring.

* * *

SAM THOMAS, alias Butcher, of Pontypridd, and W. Lines, of Bristol, are to box the best of twenty rounds at the National Sporting Club in October for a purse.

* * *

TUT RYAN, of Melbourne, and Mick Dooley, of Sydney, engaged in a twenty-round contest at the rooms of the Cumberland Athletic Club, Melbourne, June 23, for a purse of £100, a stake of £100, and the heavy-weight championship of Australia. Dooley weighed 13st to Ryan's 12st. The conditions were to box twenty rounds, and a punishing battle went the full length without either man being knocked out. Ryan received the most punishment, and at the close one of the judges, Mr. Watson, went for Dooley, and the other, Mr. Hennessey, was in favour of a draw. The referee, Mr. Maher, awarded the fight to Dooley.

Ryan's face after the battle proved the punishment he had received. In discussing the contest the general opinion was that up to the twelfth round he looked like a winner. But after that Dooley's repeated left visitations told their tale. Here was another contest to prove how dangerous a good left-hand fighter is even if his right be of little use to him. The truth is that Ryan was outclassed in everything but gameness—of that he had enough and to spare for some boxers we wot of. It is certainly no disgrace to him to be beaten on the points only by a boxer of Dooley's reputation, and by a man so much heavier and taller.

Joe Goddard, who was in the gymnasium, signified his intention of again challenging Dooley for £100 a-side and the championship. Should this come to anything the club will hang up a good purse for the contest.

* * *

ALBERT YOUNG and B. Bennett contested a six-round battle at the Lambeth School of Arms, July 30, for a purse. The first-named was a trifle taller, though not so sturdily built as Bennett, but with his superior reach took a good lead in the opening round, which Bennett, by using both hands with good effect, speedily equalised in the second. The third was of a regular ding-dong character, with but little to choose between them, after which Young was again the aggressor, and notwithstanding the plucky efforts of Bennett right up to the close, Young was given the award.

* * *

AN 8st competition was boxed to a decision at the Bermondsey School of Arms July 30. Ginger Buckle and Tom Mayer were contestants in the final bout. At the call of time Buckle at once led off. Mayer seemed somewhat surprised, but after a little sparring he took in the situation, and following suit with the lead off of his opponent he also went to work, but Buckle scored the most in the first round. The second meeting was more or less of a rough and tumble description, and Buckle looked like being knocked out. In the third round, however, he pulled round, and after a hard finish Buckle was awarded the verdict.

* * *

ARTHUR CALLAN, of Wood Green, and Jack Gover, of Edmonton, are to fight in France on or about August 16, with bare knuckles to a finish, London Prize Ring Rules, for a purse of £60. The men are to enter the ring at catch-weights. Both the men are in France undergoing preparations for the mill, which promises to be a well-contested one. Callan has the call in the betting, and will probably enter the ring a strong favourite. Speaking of his training, Callan says: "I rise at six o'clock in the morning, stroll about for a short time, and then indulge in breakfast of boiled eggs and a bowl of salad. During the morning I take an eight-mile spin, taking an occasional run, and finish up at a brisk trot. A shower bath and good rub down prepares me for dinner, which consists of about a pound of beef-steak, cabbage, salad, stale bread, and a pint of claret. After resting for three-quarters of an hour I handle dumb bells for fifteen minutes, take half-an-hour at gymnastic work, walk rapidly down the river for a mile, and on my return I punch the suspended ball for three sharp rounds. Another rub down prepares me for a stroll till tea-time. After I take my third meal I strip off and do a dozen sprints of 100 yards each to improve my wind. I am feeling good, and expect to bring back the laurels to Wood Green."

* * *

IT is a certainty that Joe Walcott, the coloured pugilist, and Harry Nickless will come to no arrangements for a mill in this country. The man who backs the American would not consent to have his man fight anywhere in England outside of the National Sporting Club, and to such a proposition Nickless declines to agree. If Nickless is really as eager to fight as he professes to be he should not hesitate to do battle at a club where fair play is granted everybody.

* * *

TOM ASHWICK was tendered a successful benefit at the Monpelier Music Hall, Walworth, July 30, when he appeared with Alf Sparrow in the wind up.

* * *

JACK MCAULIFFE, the American light-weight, was, on July 31, at New York City, married to Miss Pearl Inman, a song and dance artist of considerable fame.

* * *

A FIGHT in the old style was decided near Hackney Marshes, July 29, between Chris Howard, of Dalston, and Jack Clayton, of Ball's Pond, who turned the scale about 11st. Howard has fought twice before with the raw 'uns, and Clayton has performed several times with great success with the gloves. Six very punishing rounds were got through when Howard, who had only been in training a week, fell weak, and his second seeing he had no chance threw up the sponge, and Clayton was hailed the winner. The contest was for £10 a-side. The winner was seconded by Dido Plumb, and Howard by Young Pop and Willie Howard. About 150 spectators were present.

* * *

JERRY DRISCOLL, the clever middle-weight pugilist who held the naval championship, is eager to get a customer to fight him for a purse at the National Sporting Club. He has made a vast improvement in his style of fighting since he defeated Ted Fenton last spring, and believes himself good enough to take on any of the old experienced hands at even weight. Driscoll was born at Westminster, on July 23, 1869. He commenced boxing in 1883, when only a lad of fourteen. In the following year he won an 8st 6lb novice's competition at the Prince's Head. In 1885 he entered the Navy, being attached to the training ship *Boscawen*. When on board H.M.S. *Bacchante* in the East Indies he beat W. Edwards (a black), who called himself champion of Calcutta, in four rounds, for 400 rupees. In 1889 he won the Championship of Portsmouth competition (open to the Army and Navy), beating in the final Corporal Jordan, of the Royal Artillery. When at Malta he won the championship open to the Army and Navy, doing duty in the Mediterranean in 1892, and repeated the victory in 1893. Beat A. Cameron (champion of the Navy) in three rounds, at the Goodwin Gymnasium, for £40, September 7, 1893. Boxed for the National Sporting Club middle-weight championship belt, and after beating Ned Ryan, of Haggerston, in the opening bouts, he was defeated in the second series by Alf Bowman.

* * *

SAM DEARIN, the eccentric musical comedian, is quite an attraction at the Pavilion nightly. Sam follows the stage for a livelihood, but for real pleasure he patronises the prize ring and racecourse. He bets his money on anything he thinks well of, and is quite a favourite with those who follow the ring.

* * *

NEW ORLEANS rejoices over a prospective revival of boxing and boxing clubs. Six different bills introduced in the late Legislature to prohibit glove contests failed of enactment. The Olympic Club has already projected a fistic carnival for September, after the fashion of the September carnival of the club in 1892, when Jack McAuliffe beat Billy Myer, Dixon beat Jack Skelly, and Corbett established a new champion of America. This year the club proposes to have four events, and to bring Corbett and Fitzsimmons together, if possible, for the big event, with other matches between Maher and Choynski, Jack McAuliffe and Herace S. Leeds, and Jimmy Barry and Charley Kelly, or some other bantam-weight. The club is willing to put altogether 40,000 dols. for the four contests that it seeks.

* * *

DIRE fate has pursued the ring champions of New Zealand. Dick Matthews, who lost the title to the late Harry Laing, was killed in a bar-room shooting match with cowboys at Madeira, Southern California. Pettingell, middle weight champion of New Zealand, is serving ten years at Sydney for robbery. Dick Sandall, the successor of Pettingell, died suddenly, while poor Laing, the last of the ill-fated line, in jumping from a moving train jumped short, and was crushed to death under the car wheels.

* * *

JACK E. DRURSEY, the ex-champion middle-weight pugilist, is to fight Billy McCarthy, of Australia, with four-ounce gloves, to a finish, at the Auditorium Club, New Orleans, September 5, for a purse of 2,000 dollars. The men are to scale within 11st upon entering the ring, and Professor John H. Duffy will act as referee.

* * *

THE ten-round go between Steve O'Donnell and Joe Choynski, to occur in Chicago the latter part of August or early in September, is contingent on Choynski's not being beaten when he meets Mike Boden, the Canuck, in Chicago, August 14. Choynski is not likely to be in danger against Boden. In a meeting with Choynski, the Australian will meet the hardest with whom he has engaged in America. The winner is almost sure to be in demand in several directions for a meeting with Ireland's re-arisen pride and hope—Peter Maher.

* * *

THE twenty round glove contest between Chappie Moran, of Coventry, and Tom Fitzpatrick, of Liverpool, was brought to a decision at Drill Hall, Sheffield, July 30, before 1,000 spectators. The men were restricted to 7st 9lb each in weight, and aside from the gate receipts a stake of £100 was in abeyance. Prior to the battle there was a six-round contest between young Pearson, of Manchester, and Young Carlin, of Leeds, for a purse of £25, Pearson got the verdict, though Carlin was by far the stronger man at the finish. It was 9.50 when the two men appeared in the ring for the principal event of the evening. The seconds and immediate supporters were respectively, for Fitzpatrick, J. Breeze, Pat Kelly, and J. Wheelehan; for Moran, Funny Cooke, Billy Plimmer, and Frank Howson. Moran holds the 7st 7lb championship of America, and has had some difficulty in finding an opponent at 2lb more. Fitzpatrick had fully a half head advantage, but his opponent seemed more muscular, though both men were evidently fit and well for the work before them. The affair was of unequal merit, for whereas at the outset Moran forced the fighting to such an extent as to make the ultimate verdict practically assured, the last portion was slow and tame in comparison, the Coventry man simply contenting himself with keeping his opponent at bay, and content with the points already obtained. In the opening round both men fought with caution, but in the second Moran forced the fighting in startling fashion, his bigger opponent being unable to keep him in any way at bay. Round three saw a lot of vigorous in-fighting. Fitzpatrick at first tried to draw Moran, and did to some purpose, for he got severely punished in consequence, the referee having towards the finish of the round to repeatedly order the men to break away for clinching. Fitzpatrick seemed wild, and was evidently flurried by the vigour of the attack and was relieved when time caused a stoppage. Constantly busy with both hands, Moran still gave his opponent no quarter, and again and again he visited the left eye and got in a tremendous punch on the throat during the fourth round. Rounds five and six were very quiet, but the seventh saw Fitzpatrick very anxious to commence. He was, however, thrice stopped with well meant jabs on the jaw which sent him back. A splendid round full of vigourous in-fighting was this, though Moran took points innumerable, hitting Fitzpatrick continually on the face and throat, and taking his own punishment well. Round eight was again a fine and well-contested one, and with Fitzpatrick well treated by his seconds Moran's task seemed harder than had at first appeared probable, but he was very clever

and thrice stepped out of the other's reach; the round ending with a bout of close hitting. During the thirteenth round Moran thrice got home with both hands on Fitzpatrick's face, which began to look peculiarly one-sided. All the contest was his own at the close of the round, and Fitzpatrick was staggered with a warm right-hander. The two succeeding rounds were rather uninteresting, but the last four were full of vigorous work. Fitzpatrick had, it was evident, been sent in with orders to wipe off some of the arrears against him, but though he struggled gallantly the Coventry man was both too cool and too clever for him, and gave him unmistakably as good as he gave. Both men were punished freely towards the close of the contest, which ended, after the full 20 rounds had been fought, in the easy victory of Moran, whose clever and cool performance was much admired. Fitzpatrick deserves great credit for his pluck, but he was overmatched in science.

* * *

The directors of the Olympic Club, at New Orleans, U.S.A., contemplate arranging a series of interesting battles to occur there during the coming season. They offer a purse of £600 for a finish fight between Frank P. Slavin and Peter Maher, the Irish Giant, for one of their November meetings. Such a battle would be productive of considerable interest, and the prospects of victory would favour Maher, who would be well supported at the ring side by his many Boston friends. Four years ago it would have been any odds on Slavin scoring an easy win, but the Australian has deteriorated considerably, whilst Maher has made a vast improvement in milling.

* * *

Chappie Moran, of Coventry, and Hiram Cutler, of Birmingham, will probably arrange a twenty-round glove contest at 7st 10lb, for a stake and added purse.

* * *

Barney Hyams expresses a willingness to do battle with Jim Keating for £50 or £100 a-side, and the National Sporting Club purse.

* * *

An interesting boxing entertainment was held at North Middlesex Hall, Edmonton, the other night. Ted Beach and B. Parsons were to have fought twenty rounds, but the battle was curtailed to six. Beach displayed excellent form, and clearly outpointed Parsons throughout. At the end of the sixth round the award went to Beach.

* * *

In a similar contest between Frank Thomas and Jim Passey, the latter knocked his opponent out in the middle of the third round.

* * *

Bert Smith and Goody York are both in training for their twenty-round contest at Middlesex Hall, Edmonton, August 30, for a £25 purse. Each feels confident of success and a good battle should be the result.

A RIVAL OF DICK TURPIN.

Mr. W. P. Morrison, the Croydon coroner, held an inquest August 3 on the body of the unknown young man who shot himself near Gatwick Racecourse, July 31, while being pursued by the owner of a bicycle he had stolen from Brighton. Walter Flowers, cycle agent, Brighton, said that on July 31 he was riding a bicycle from Brighton to London. A few minutes after leaving Crawley he overtook the young man, who was riding a pneumatic-tyred bicycle, which he recognised as one of his own machines. He said as he came up to deceased, "You've got a fine machine there." He made no reply, but rode faster, as if trying to get away. After going in this fashion for about fifty yards, the man suddenly drew a revolver from his belt, and turned and fired at Flowers, who was then within three feet of him. The shot went close by his right shoulder. He fired two other shots, one of which passed over Flowers' head, while the other struck him on the sleeve of his left arm. Just at that moment Flowers fell off his machine into the road, and he believed the unknown thought he had shot him. Witness himself thought he was shot at first, but found he had merely hurt himself with the fall. He followed shouting "Stop thief!" and got within 50 yards of the thief when he dismounted, coolly removed a parcel from the saddle of his machine, and walked off into the bushes by the road-side. Flowers watched him mount a stile and disappear, occasionally glancing back to see if he was pursued. Noting the direction in which the man had gone, he sent a man in a trap to inform the police at Horley and at Lowfield Heath. Alfred Newnham, of 13, Elm Road, Sutton, gave evidence to the effect that he chased the man across the fields. When brought to bay he blew out his brains. Other evidence was given, and the jury returned a verdict of "Suicide during temporary insanity."

The fault that I find with the very godly is that they do not take life as it comes and goes, but they overlook the good while they seek every where to turn up the evil.

COMMON GOSSIP.

J. B. Johnson, the famous swimmer and diver, is at Southend.

* * *

Arthur H. Greenland, head postmaster at Lewisham Post Office, was committed for trial for theft, at Bow Street, August 3. A test letter, containing postal orders, was posted, and he was seen to cash the orders. Other stolen orders were found in his rooms. He said his wife brought trouble on him.

* * *

Another ridiculous mistake was made by a clergyman who received a note from a woman intended to express the following:—"A husband going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." But owing to bad spelling and misplaced stops, and a little dimness of vision on the part of the clergyman, the note was read: "A husband going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation." Somebody wrote about a house, with zig-zag staircases, but the word was so badly written that the printer put it down as "219,209 staircases."

* * *

A singular case was tried at the London Sheriff's Court by Mr. Burchell and a jury. Mrs. Isabella Bathurst claimed damages from her husband for a breach of covenant contained in an indenture of a life policy. The action had been remitted from the High Court for assessment of damages. Mrs. Bathurst, who has lived apart from her husband, is an inmate of the Brompton Consumptive Hospital; and Mr. Bathurst, a member of the Stock Exchange, appeared in the court. For the lady it was stated that when they separated the husband agreed to keep up a premium in the Sun Assurance Society for a life policy of £500. After hearing evidence and arguments, the jury awarded Mrs. Bathurst £300 damages.—Judgment for the amount, with costs, was entered.

* * *

So long as a lodger is not synonymous with a black eye, no one will object to the sentence of a month's hard labour passed on George Watson, labourer, Blue Anchor Lane, Peckham. Mrs. Susan Watson appeared in the Greenwich Police Court with a black eye, and the only defence the husband offered was that she had a lodger with whom she played the flute. Had it been a trombone George might have had reasonable ground of complaint; but when it was only the soft strains of a flute, had he any just grounds for jealousy? He thought he had; for he informed the magistrate, "If you go to the little Elephant on Saturday you will see her and the lodger dancing in all their glory." Mr. Marsham did not think such a spectacle would have any effect on his decision, and just to emphasise the fact that lodgers and black eyes are not synonymous terms, he sentenced George to a month's hard labour. So let all jealous husbands beware.

* * *

Florence Maggs, a "pretty young woman," of 9, Brook Road, Wood Green, was summoned for assaulting Mary Fraser. Complainant deposed that a lot of girls from Barratt's sweet factory set upon and badly used her. Mrs. Evans said defendant was the worst. Complainant, in the end, fell down in a fit, and a doctor was called. Mr. Gough, the clerk: "What did defendant do?" Witness: "Banged her." Mr. Gough: "What do you mean?" "Slipped into her." "Well, what is that?" "Well—paid her well." "What do you mean by 'paid her well'?" "Well, she let her have it." "What is that?" "Hit her with her fist." Witness added, suiting her actions to her description, "She took hold of her hair with one hand and went for her with the other—like this—one, two, three!" The defendant said complainant broke a box for which she had to pay 1s. 6d. to mend. She only earned 6s. 10d. a week, and could not pay many "eighteen-pences" out of that. She did hit complainant, but she was honest if she was a factory girl. Fined 5s., or five days which a young mant in court paid.

HONEST SPORTS.

Morris Cronin, the clever manipulator of Indian clubs, who scored such a success at the Alhambra and Empire Music Halls, has fitted up rooms at 66, Guilford Street, London, W.C., where he will receive pupils who desire to become proficient at club swinging. Cronin contemplates remaining here for some time, and feels highly flattered over the reception he has received from Londoners.

* * *

James L. McCusker, champion swimmer of America, is in this country arranging a match with Joey Nuttall for the Championship of the World. McCusker says: "It is my intention to bring the swimming championship to America, and if faithful training and fast swimming count for anything I think I shall win. I am in excellent fettle at present, although not in the condition I should be in for a championship contest. I am swimming remarkably fast, having greatly improved upon style since last year. I am in England to win, and I am confident of securing the world's championship and making new records."

McCusker is a powerfully made young man, twenty-four years old, 5ft 9in in height, and at present weighs about 12st 12lb. He was born in county Down, Ireland, but went to the States when four years of age. His powers of endurance are wonderful, and the contest with Nuttall promises to be the greatest swimming match that has ever taken place.

* * *

There were six starters for the race for the Coat and Badge presented by the late Thomas Doggett to commemorate the accession of the family of Her Majesty to the Throne, which was rowed on August 1 between London Bridge and Chelsea. According to the original conditions the men should have rowed against the tide, but the flood was still running when the first man passed the winning post. The race resulted in an easy win for F. Pearce, of Hammersmith, who completed the course in 32min 44sec, being over a minute ahead of the second man, T. F. Thompson, of Richmond. F. Sully, of Kingston, was third, his time being 34min 42sec.

* * *

The National Regatta, open to all professionals, will be decided over the Thames Course, August 16 and 17. The entries are as follows:—

Open Sculls (£50).—Sam Emmett, G. Bubear, C. R. Harding, F. Fordham.

Limited Sculls (£25).—Adam Deas, Mo Gibson, W. A. Barry, T. Green, jun., Joe Gibson, G. Gibson.

Non-coxswain Fours (£100).—Sons of the Thames, W. A. Barry, W. Haines, G. Bubear, S. J. Wingate (stroke); Surrey United Rowing Club, H. Phillips, A. Nicholls, A. Burnett, J. Hall (stroke); Putney Brothers, Mo Gibson (bow), George Gibson, Tom Gibson, Joe Gibson (stroke).

Apprentices' Sculls (coat and badge).—J. West, A. Pearce, A. G. Kenninson, W. A. Hughes, J. T. Felpots, S. Wheeler, E. A. Armstrong, C. A. Hammerton, C. Gibson, W. J. Driscoll, T. Peters, A. Block, A. G. Carter.

Pairs (£20).—C. Green and C. Cobb, W. Haines and S. J. Wingate, Joe Gibson and Tom Gibson, H. Follett and W. G. East.

* * *

A wrestling match took place at the Criterion Theatre, Wellington, New Zealand, recently, between Donald Dinnie and a well-known local athlete, P. White. The match was for a stake of £10, the best of five falls, three in the Cumberland and two in the Greco-Roman style of wrestling, the strangling hold being barred. White, who conceded at least 5st in weight, was no match for Dinnie, the latter securing three out of four falls.

* * *

A. A. Chase, of the North Road C.C., beat the fifty miles record, August 1, by accomplishing the distance in 2 hours 7min 15sec, thus easily beating the previous best, 2 hours 11min 50sec, by Stocks. H. Smyth, of the Catford C.C., and H. B. Hock, of the Silverdale C.C. accompanied Chase on a tandem, and also whipped the previous record for that class of machine, being credited with the same time as Chase. The latter rider continued his journey and covered the 100 miles in 4 hours 39min 10sec, which is also a new record for that distance.

* * *

At Waltham, Mass., U.S.A., the other day, Harry Tyler, with a stationary start, covered a mile in 1min 57 3-5sec, lowering the world's record by 2 2-5sec.

* * *

Alfred Henry Drewell, aged 18 years, could do almost anything in the water. At the Westminster Swimming Baths on July 30, he, with several others, were throwing somersaults from the spring diving-board, which was a few feet from the water. Drewell appeared to be attempting to throw a back somersault, and in doing so miscalculated his distance, and struck his head on the board instead of clearing it. He then collapsed and fell into the water. He died afterwards in the hospital. Death resulted from fracture of the spinal column, and a coroner's jury Aug. 3, returned a verdict of Accidental death.

* * *

E. Oxnonnow and H. H. Sansom rode a mile, August 3, on a tandem safety over level measured course on the North Road with a flying start, in 1min 53 3-5sec. A mile in 1min 54 4-5sec on a track at Waltham, Mass., by J. P. Bliss was the previous best. Messrs. E. A. Powell and C. B. Evans (R.R.A.) timed.

* * *

In the International Cycling Meeting held at Copenhagen, August 3, A. J. Watson, of London, won the first race over a distance of one kilometre, his time being 1min 25sec. He also secured first place in the fifth event over a course of two English miles, covering the distance in 5min 1 2-5sec.

* * *

Sam Emmett, of Wandsworth, and Thomas Campbell, of Walker, have been matched to row a single scull race over the Thames Championship Course, from Putney to Mortlake, on September 17, for £100 a-side.

* * *

By a majority of 381 in a poll of 1,103, the members of the Surrey Club to whom the question was submitted decided that football should be played at the Oval during the season of 1894-5. This news will be welcome to the vast body of London footballers, there being no enclosure in the vicinity of the metropolis so admirably adapted for affording a crowd the requisite facilities for watching the winter game in comfort. The suspension of these contests while the newly-laid turf was settling down was acquiesced in with little demur, but after the strong expression of opinion at the last meeting of the Surrey Club that the game should be resumed, the executive were bound to take some steps to ascertain the wishes of the majority of that body, and the votes were awarded in favour of football.

* * *

Last season Mr. A. E. Stoddart was the first batsman to score 1,000 runs, which he accomplished as early as June 23. At this time last summer five batsmen had obtained four figure aggregates, Gunn having 1,600 to his credit.

* * *

At Lower Tooting, Aug. 1, John Graham and John Morcombe decided a quoit match for a gold medal and a side bet. The conditions were 31 points up, eighteen yards distance, with catchweight quoits. Graham won by a score of 31 to 26. He used 15lb quoits, and Morcombe handled a pair 2lb heavier.

* * *

Teddy Wick, of Chelsea, writes: "My friends want me to await the decision of The Mirror of Life competition for rapid shaving, and then challenge the winner for the Championship." James Rymer, Peter Moss, and Thomas Steele are the trio that will dispute the ownership of the trophy, and the winner will be well entitled to recognition as champion, irrespective of Teddy Wick's claims. The trophy is now being made, and in course of a week it will be at The Mirror of Life office for inspection. If Wick really aspires to championship honours at rapid shaving he can't afford to decline to contend after twice signifying a desire to enter the competition. He lost his last match with William Lloyd, and a victory in an open contest would certainly tend to retrieve his lost laurels.

Rymer is quite indignant over the stand Wick has taken in the matter, and declares that should he succeed in winning the championship he will pay no attention to any talk emanating from Wick, unless Teddy first puts down a substantial deposit to show that he means business and is not seeking notoriety, in order to advertise his daughter to secure music hall engagements.

* * *

William Lloyd, who defeated Teddy Wick at the Royal Aquarium last winter for the shaving championship, called at The Mirror of Life office, August 3, in regard to contending for the championship trophy. Lloyd says: "I have a good position at present, being employed by H. P. Truffitts, Limited, in the Burlington Arcade, off Bond Street, and had intended quitting the field as a rapid shaver; but there has been so much controversy of late, regarding who is the champion of the world that I have concluded to have another cut in. As regards Teddy Wick, I easily defeated him once, and don't propose to bother any more with him. He acted in a very unsportsmanlike fashion when I disposed of him so easily right at his own game. What I wish to suggest is that James Rymer and Peter Moss engage in a contest, and then I will meet the winner. I ask for nothing but what is fair in regard to the matter, and as I am confident I can defeat any man in the world I am not at all afraid to take on anybody of any established reputation. It is not my desire to contest against every one who claims to be proficient at the game, because that would be indeed expensive business. I do say, however, that any man entitled to a hearing can always be accommodated by me for fun or money, and if it be money I'm not particular how large the stake is."

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

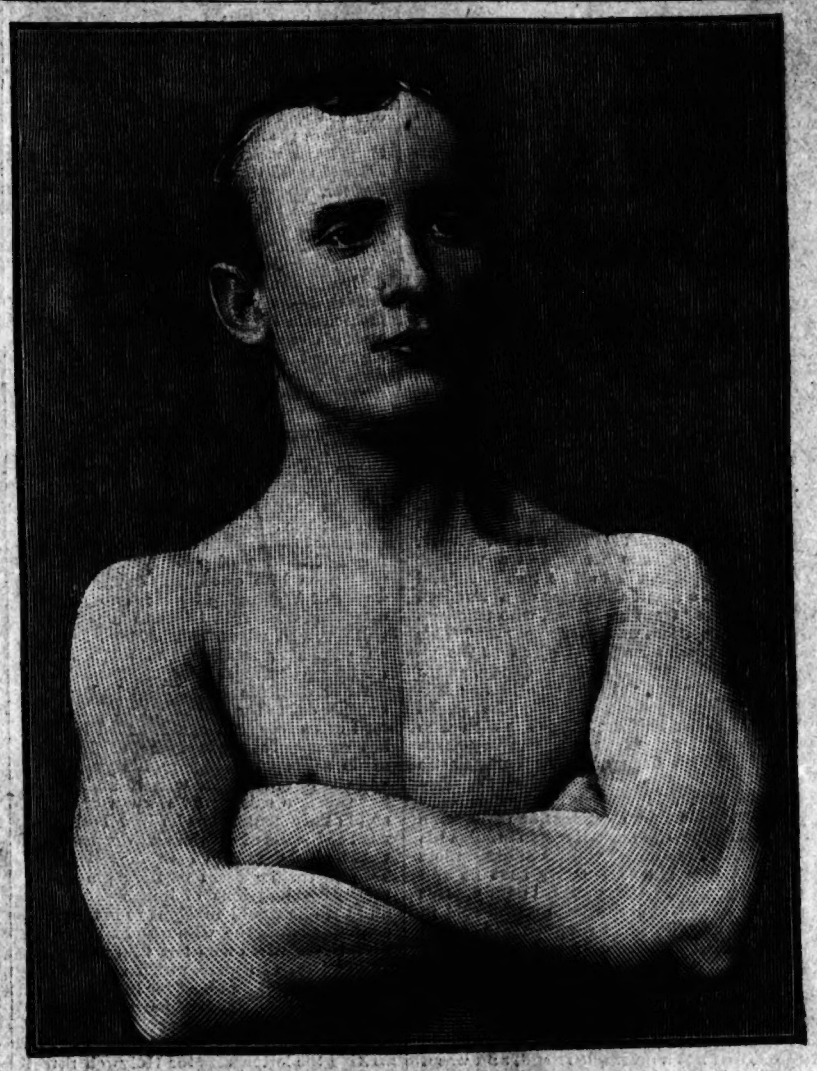
An Englishman Forces Cowboys to Respect Him.

STUCK THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

A Lad Gets Even with his Sister and Her Sweetheart.

PINNED HIM TO HIS SEAT.

A Practical Joker has Fun with a "Johnny" at the Theatre.



MIKE ("CHAPPIE") MORAN.

A Coventry Pugilist who Claims the 7st 9lb Championship of England.

HIS POSITION NOT AN ENVIABLE ONE.

How a Bather was Kept from Dressing for Several Hours!

A TALENTED MAN DIES A DRUNKARD.

"The Annual Register for 1831 contains a short obituary notice of Mr. John Mitford, a near kinsman of John Mitford, Earl of Redesdale, and some brief account of the strange career that had so melancholy an end," says the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* some years ago: "Born in 1785 at Mitford Castle, Morpeth, Northumberland, and being a younger son, he was sent to sea as a midshipman. A man-o'-war was a rough school in those days, and what 'the youngsters' were like the readers of Captain Marryat's inimitable pages need not be told. According to all accounts, young Jack might have sat to the famous novelist for Mr. Midshipman Easy, or any other of that kidney. Like them he was a very imp of mischief, but brave as a lion, and distinguished himself greatly at the battle of the Nile and in other engagements under Nelson's flag. When the piping times of peace came, however, the service seems to have grown distasteful to Jack Mitford; at all events, he quitted it. His heritage as a younger son was nothing, and all he had to depend upon was a small allowance of a hundred or so a year from his father, who though a man of position, was a very poor one. This was not much for a lad of spirit to set up as a gentleman at large, a dandy, and a *bon vivant* upon, yet that was the *role* Mitford selected for himself when he doffed his Majesty's uniform. But the men who had fought under Nelson were everywhere received with open arms by enthusiastic hero-worshippers, and upon such generous hospitality, and various gifts and loans from friends and relations, Jack for some considerable time contrived to indulge his passion for goodcheer, while confiding tailors decked him out so smartly that he won the nick-name of the nautical dandy. But every species of enthusiasm grows cold in time, especially when your pocket is called upon to keep up the fire; and when a man eats like an ostrich and drinks like a fish and borrows your money, though he may have fought ever so heroically, you are apt to grow tired of him. Indeed, his warmest admirers were not long in discovering that Jack was not a desirable friend, and was a very objectionable inmate of their houses, since when at home he never went to bed until he had caroused 'potations pottle deep,' and when out he would vary the monotony of rousing everybody out of their sleep by bringing in one or two choice spirits drunk as himself to help empty the host's wine-cellar. So, one by one, hospitable doors were closed against him, friends gave him the cold shoulder, respectibility shunned him, his associates became more and more depraved, and his habits more in harmony with his surroundings.

"Unlike most nautical men, who even at the present day are, as a rule, ignorant of everything outside their profession, Jack Mitford had received an excellent education, had some taste for literature, and so we find him editing a satirical and political paper called *The Scourge*, illustrated by George Cruickshank. The journalist of sixty or seventy years ago was notorious for his spendthrift habits; even men of high intellectual standing frequently led lives little removed from vagabondage; and as Mitford gradually fell out of the society of gentlemen he took for his companions the lowest penny-a-liners, and as long as he could earn sufficient for a carouse in some low tavern was perfectly happy. In the meantime, Jack had prevailed upon some misguided girl to be his wife, and a young family in due course began to add to his daily increasing difficulties. Relatives had made every effort to reclaim him, but finding that whatever assistance they afforded was at once dissipated they ultimately left him to his fate, the Earl of Redesdale making some provision for the wife and children. Left alone in the world without any restraint, Jack gave himself up more and more to sottishness. He once said, seriously enough, that if the devil came to him and offered to buy his soul for a bottle of gin he could not resist the temptation.

"In the course of his peregrinations, Mitford came across a Mr. Elliot, who had formerly been a printer in Newcastle, and who knew all the family. Commiserating the ruin of a man of birth and education, and with the feeling of clanship which is so strong among North-countrymen, Elliot resolved to make an effort to rescue the waif, and for that purpose took him into his house, and gave him the editorship of a cheap paper he was running called the *Bon Ton Gazette*. Fancy our ragged *bon vivant*, who now seldom left the purlieus of St. Giles, editor of the *Bon Ton!* Not that it is worse than certain cheap fashionable journals of the present day, whose contributors mostly hail from the kitchen. For a while Jack kept sober, and worked so diligently that his friend began to congratulate himself upon having laid the foundation of the unfortunate man's reformation. Unluckily a relation, out of kindness of heart, gave him what Jack had not possessed for many a year—a good suit of clothes. The temptation was not to be resisted; a few hours afterwards they lay neatly packed upon a pawnbroker's shelf, and Jack, with half a dozen vagabond mates about him, was indulging in a royal booze, and did not return to *Bon Ton* until every farthing was expended and the landlord had thrust him out of doors for riotous conduct.

"From the first Mr. Elliot had kept a tight hand upon his slippery editor, but after that he drew the curb considerably tighter, and put him in semi-imprisonment. He kept him in an underground kitchen to which very little daylight penetrated. There, with a coke fire, and a tallow candle, and a bottle of gin—his daily allowance; he would not work without that—he passed his days and wrote fashionable intelligence for the *Bon Ton*, and his experiences as a lounger at the clubs and a diner-out among the aristocracy. No human being, however, could for long endure such an existence, and Jack would watch his opportunity, and occasionally escape from his cellar and be missing for a day or two. When he returned his shoes were taken away, but that was no deterrent, for if he got the chance he would run out barefooted; nay, he would take the coat off his back in the depth of winter, and sell it for half a pint of gin. Someone, taking pity upon him one snowy day, gave him a pair of Wellington boots; two minutes afterwards he sold them to a pal for a shilling, who, wiser than he, took them to an avuncular relative and pawned them for fifteen shillings.

After a while Mr. Elliot had to find another editor for *Bon Ton*, and Jack Mitford was a free man again. Had he been but commonly prudent he might have made a decent living by his pen, for he had the gift of a ready writer, and, as we have before said, was a man of really solid attainments; but he had become so used to his life of squalor and wretchedness that he had ceased to care for any other. Two or three glasses of fiery gin would render him oblivious of hunger and rags, and then he would inveight to his heart's content against the wife who had deserted him, the relatives who left him to famish, and society, of course, which suffered one who had fought and bled for his country to starve in a kennel. His journalistic exercises were of the most varied and incongruous description. One day he was writing the letterpress for Holywell Street pictures, and the next was contributing to an evangelical magazine, or touching up the sermons of some reverend incompetent or posing once more in the pages of *Bon Ton* as a lounger in Fop's Alley. During the summer months he dispensed with lodgings altogether. A certain publisher employed him to write a nautical novel, a style which Marryat had brought into fashion about this time, called 'Johnny Newcome in the Navy.' A great deal of this was autobiographical. While composing this work, which ran on to a great length, his taskmaster gave him the munificent sum of 5s. a day, for which each evening he had to deliver a certain quantity of copy—no work, no pay. As soon as he got this miserable stipend Jack was off to some favourite boozing ken, where, after buying twopennyworth of bread and cheese and an onion—his daily ration—he stopped till every farthing was expended. After that he had to go to work. But where? for he had no lodging, no roof beneath which to put his head. His favourite resort was the fields which then covered the present site of that labyrinth of roads and streets and aristocratic mansions now called Bayswater and Tyburnia. What a change has come over the prospect since then! A few isolated cottages here and there stretched on one side the high road, and on the other the untidy, shaggy, ragged looking selvage of Hyde Park, not trimmed with shady walks and flower beds, and smooth grass and bright iron railings as now, but as forbidding in its neglected aspect as the desolate stretch of unenclosed waste, intersected by the canal on the opposite side. This was a regular rendezvous of tramps and bad characters at the time of which we write, and it was among these that Jack Mitford, a hero of the Nile, a cousin of an earl, herded. And it was here, upon such scraps of dirty paper as he could pick up, that he wrote his novel, while at night he slept upon a bed of leaves and dried nettles. When he required clean linen, which was not until the wearing became too lively, he would strip off his ragged apology for a shirt—it never remained with him until the pawnbroker would no longer lend a sixpence upon it—and dip it into the canal and lay it upon the bank to dry. Every kind of Jeremy Diddler dodge was resorted to by him to raise the wind. When William the Fourth came to the throne, Jack, who had known him well as Duke of Clarence, wrote a song called 'The King is a True British Sailor.' It was very well done, and he contrived to sell it to no fewer than ten different music publishers, but as not one gave him more than half-a-crown for the copy, the cheat was not very serious. How the ten dupes settled the matter we cannot say, but the song became immensely popular, and some person or persons reaped a goodly harvest; yet all the wretched author got by it was a glorious drunk. About this period, and nearly up to the time of his death, he edited a scurrilous rag called the *Quizzical Gazette*.

"One day, in the shambles of Clare Market, a group was gathered about a heap of rags with something that had once been a human form in them. The poor wretch had fallen down from sheer exhaustion, and was then in a comatose state. 'It's drunken Jack Mitford,' said one of the group, for that was the name our *bon vivant* was now commonly known by. 'Who?' said a well-dressed man, who had been attracted by the crowd. 'Jack Mitford, drunken Jack; I don't think he'll swallow many more glasses of gin,' was the reply. 'Here, some of you, take him up and carry him to Wills' Coffee-house, in Portugal Street,' said the stranger. This good Samaritan was a Mr. James Green, who at that time kept the coffee-house in question, but who had formerly been an officer in the Navy, served in the same ship with John Mitford, and been his friend and companion. He had often heard speak of the sad downfall of his old brother-in-arms, with whom he had fought side by side, but had never come across him. The poor wretch was cleansed, put to bed, and a doctor sent for, who advised his removal to the hospital of St. Giles' Workhouse. This was done, and Mr. Green wrote off to Lord Redesdale, who sent instructions to the parish authorities that neither expense nor care was to be spared in attending to his unfortunate relative, and that he was quite willing to be at the charge of his future maintenance.

"But the Clare Market rough had in his coarse phrase told the end of the story, Mitford's lungs were found to be in the last stage of decay, and his case utterly hopeless. Everything that could smooth his passage to eternity was provided for him, and he seems to have died deeply lamenting his wasted life. On December 31, 1831, he was laid in St. Giles' churchyard, Lord Redesdale paying the last mark of respect to his unfortunate kinsman by giving him a respectable funeral, and making a handsome provision for his wife and family."

JOHN GOLDIE ROUND.

John Goldie Round, thirty-three, shoe maker, was indicted for the wilful murder of his wife, Ellen, on June 19. Mr. C. F. Gill and Mr. Travers Humphreys prosecuted on behalf of the Treasury; whilst Mr. Overend and Mr. Pickersgill defended. The facts disclosed were very distressing. The prisoner stabbed his wife fatally in a publichouse called the Athwell Arms, Athwell Street, Peckham. He is a cripple and a sickly man, and it was admitted that he was extremely fond of his wife, who, it appeared, had left him for a young man named Hampton. The prisoner had made repeated appeals to the woman to return to him, warning her that by continuing with Hampton, she would bring herself to the gutter, and professing his love for her over and over again. In addition to this it was alleged that Hampton had threatened the prisoner with violence. In defence, Mr. Overend urged the jury, in face of the great provocation under which the prisoner acted, to reduce his offence to one of manslaughter. The prisoner was taunted and provoked, and acted under a sudden uncontrollable impulse. His lordship, in summing-up the case, said that before the jury could reduce the offence to manslaughter they must be satisfied that the prisoner acted upon an impulse so sudden that he was not master of his understanding. The jury found the prisoner guilty of manslaughter, and strongly recommended him to mercy, on the ground of the great provocation he received. Mr. Justice Lawrance sentenced him to twelve months' imprisonment, with hard labour.

STRIKERS LIBERATE A PAL.

The Prompt Action of a Woman Secures Freedom for a Disturber of the Peace.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Had it not been for the prompt action of a woman, one of the leaders in the recent strike in California would have been placed in gaol. He was apprehended, and on his way to the station a woman led the mob that swooped down upon the police and secured the captive's release. The police were fortunate in getting away without injury.

JACK MALONEY.

Champion 6st 10lb Pugilist of Great Britain.

(With Portrait.)

Jack Maloney, champion 6st 10lb pugilist of Great Britain, was born at Westminster nineteen years ago, stands 5ft high, and can fight at 6st 10lb in ring costume. He took to boxing four years ago, meeting Alf Onslow in his first bout, which was decided against Maloney, who, however, met Onslow in a second battle and won in six rounds. He next beat George Roberts, of Islington, in two minutes. Maloney disposed of all comers for the next two years and then looked for honours as a champion. Last fall he defeated Charley Glover, weighing 8st 6lb, in eight rounds at the Kennington Social Club for a purse. He met H. Munro twice for the 6st 10lb championship, and won both battles, the first in nine rounds and the second in six rounds. He beat Langford, of St. Luke's, and Nobby Proctor in six rounds each. Beat Bill Bolton, of Lambeth, in one and a half rounds; beat Nixon, of St. Luke's, in four rounds; beat John O'Brian, of Mortlake, in eight rounds. O'Brian had two stone advantage in weight. March 8, 1894, Maloney disposed of Joe Bennett in twelve rounds for the championship and £45; beat Josh Pocknell, of Camberwell, in six rounds at Bill Natty's; beat Jack Kivell, of Lambeth, twice, once in two minutes, and the second time in two rounds; beat Tom Pearson, of Croydon, in four rounds; met Jim Harding, who had a stone advantage in weight, and was bested in five rounds contested.

Maloney is open to meet any lad in the world at even weight. His friends will match him against Charley Gledhill for any amount of money and an added purse, to fight to a finish.

GONE TO JOIN THE MORMONS.

A New Zealand chief, has two wives, and his six children were objects of much curiosity on the steamer *Monowai* when she tied up at her dock in San Francisco the other day. The chief's name is Hirini Whaango. One of his wives was booked separate from his name "and wife," so as to conform with the laws of an English ship, but when he reaches his destination he expects that such formalities will not be observed. He has fallen under the influence of the Mormon missionaries, who have been for some time at work among the natives of New Zealand, and he is on his way to Utah, the home of his faith.

The chief was a prominent sheep and cattle raiser in his native country, and as such acquired considerable wealth. He was a shrewd man in business transactions, and when he became converted to the Mormon faith he sold all his property, and with the proceeds he is now on the way with his double family to live out the remainder of his life with his co-religionists.

The women monopolised the attention of the visitors to the vessel. They were attired in all the native finery, but the most attractive feature of their adornment was their robes, gay with the bright plumage of birds. They seemed to be conscious of being the centres of attraction, and they did not miss an opportunity to display the charms of their dress. Their lips were stained a bluish tint and strange tattoo marks were seen on their arms and necks. The children were all smart little fellows, and they gazed on the movements of the people on shore with wide-eyed wonder.

A TALE OF YANKEE FARMING.

Farmer Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared above the surface.

"I tell you how to get away with the crows," said neighbour Stokes.

"How?"

"Get you a gallon of mean whisky and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. That beats pizen or shootin'."

In a few days Farmer Crowder met his friend Stokes.

"Well, how's crops?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's bodaciously ruins," replied Crowder, dolefully. "I tried that 'ere scheme o' your'n, and its a humbug. I soaked the corn and scattered it one day, and the next mornin' I went down to the new groun' to see how it worked."

"Found 'em drunk, eh?"

"Found nothin'. I hearn a devil of a fuss down nigh the branch, and went to see what it was. Thar was a dad-blasted old crow what had gathered up all the whiskey corn and had it on the stump, and he was retailing it out to the others, givin' 'em one grain of that sort fur three grains of my planted corn, and dinged if they hadn't been and clawed up that hull field by sections."

ADMIRAL HENRY JAMES ROUS.

No man ever exercised such a commanding influence over the Turf as did Admiral the Hon. Henry James Rous. He was identified with horse-racing for upwards of forty years, and could always boast of an unblemished career. He was born at Henham Hall, near Southwold, in Suffolk, January 23, 1795, being the second son of the Earl of Stradbroke. Entering the Service in 1808, as a midshipman on board of the *Republic*, he saw active service in an expedition to Flushing. He was next transferred to the *Bacchante*, commanded by Sir William Hoste, and in half-a-dozen boat actions and cutting out expeditions, his coolness and courage attracted notice and won the admiration of his superiors in command, being presented with a medal for his gallantry. In September, 1812, young Rous had a narrow escape from drowning, owing to a prize vessel of which he had been placed in command springing a leak in mid-ocean, which the crew were not strong enough to keep under. In later days he used to say that this was, with one exception, the most trying and perilous situation in which it was ever his ill-fortune to be placed. However, by pluck and perseverance he brought his prize safely to shore, and was warmly congratulated by the Admiralty on the fine seamanship he had displayed. Subsequently Rous served as a lieutenant on board the *Meander*, *Conqueror*, *Podargus*, *Mosquito*, *Sappho*, and *Hind*, until the year 1822, when he received his captaincy. He had, however, to wait three years for his ship, for it was not till 1825 that he was appointed to the command of the *Rainbow*. The frigate was told off for service on the Indian and New Holland stations, and there Captain Rous remained for four years, during which he discharged his duties faithfully and well, and acquired a high reputation for seamanship. On his return home in 1830 he retired on the half-pay list, but in 1835 he again hoisted his pennant, and went on active service afloat. It was in that year, the last of his naval career, that Captain Rous crowned his many brilliant exploits by a feat of seamanship to which our maritime annals can show few parallels. He started from Quebec for England in command of the *Pique* in the autumn of 1835. The ship was driven north by contrary winds, and at last struck upon a sunken reef off the coast of Labrador. For eleven hours she remained fast on the rocks, and when at last she floated off, it was with the loss of her keel and "fore-foot," with a sprung mainmast and fore-mast, and a split rudder, scarcely a quarter of it being left with which to steer the vessel. In this fearfully crippled and dilapidated state Captain Rous sailed his ship home, and reached Spithead in twenty days, having run the 1,500 miles practically without a rudder, and with a leak which made two feet of water an hour. All through that terrible voyage the captain never once lost heart or hope, and by the splendid example of his own dauntless courage and indomitable spirits, inspired the crew with resolution and energy equal to the appalling task before them. It was strange that such a notable feat of seamanship should not have elicited some generous recognition from the Admiralty. But it did not, and there can be no doubt that the coldness with which Rous was treated by the authorities at Whitehall galled his proud spirit, and led him in the following year, 1836, to retire altogether from the Navy. From that moment the Turf claimed him for its own. It was really only a return to an old love, for, as early as 1821, the Admiral had evinced his partiality for racing by starting a small stud in company with his brother, the Earl of Stradbroke. His naval duties, however, prevented him from paying much attention to sport on land till 1830, though he still owned and ran a few horses; but from that year till the death of the Duke of Bedford, in 1844, his name appears off and on in the Calendar pretty frequently. There is nothing, however, in his racing career worthy of notice. He won a fair share of small races and a good many matches, but his name is not associated with any of the great prizes of the Turf. In 1838 he was elected a steward of the Jockey Club, and in 1841 was returned to Parliament as one of the members for Westminster, as representative of which constituency he sat for five years in the House of Commons. In 1846 he retired definitely from politics, and devoted himself entirely to his duties as a steward of the Jockey Club, of which body he was from the first the ruling spirit. He found the club seriously embarrassed financially, and at once applied his keen and shrewd intelligence to putting the governing body of the turf right in its exchequer. How thoroughly he succeeded may be gathered from the fact that the revenue of Newmarket, which, when he first took office, was barely £3,000 per annum, had in 1875 grown to £18,000! But it is as the great handicapper that he will be best remembered, and in that capacity his labours were something stupendous.

In the year 1865 it was proposed by some of the leading sportsmen in the racing world to present a testimonial to one who had done such signal service to the turf. Mr. J. B. Morris started a subscription book at Salisbury races, and £1,000 was subscribed in the course of a few hours, a sum which was subsequently swelled to upwards of £3,000. The acting committee of the fund were Mr. Padwick, Mr. C. Weatherby, Mr. R. Tattersall, Mr. J. Weatherby, Mr. Edmund Tattersall, Mr. H. Hill, and Mr. J. B. Morris, and they decided that the testimonial should take the form of three magnificent silver candelabra. The testimonial was to have been presented on June 4, 1866; but in consequence of the serious illness of the popular Earl of Chesterfield, who died during Ascot week, it was postponed to June 18 (Waterloo Day), when it was presented to Admiral Rous at a dinner held in Willis's Rooms, the chair being occupied by Earl Granville, who was supported right and left by the guests of the evening and the present Duke of Beaufort. Amongst those present were many bright ornaments of the world of sport, who long preceded the gallant admiral in their passage "over to the majority," for example, the Marquis of Anglesea, the ill-fated Marquis of Hastings, the Marquis of Annesley, the Earl of Cardigan, the Earl of Lonsdale (uncle to the young nobleman whose untimely death occurred but recently), Colonel Ouseley Higgins, and last, but not least, Sam Rogers and William Butler, who were so long identified with Admiral Rous in the pursuit of the sport he loved so well, and did so much to elevate. To Earl Granville was entrusted the task of making the presentation speech, a task of which he acquitted himself in his usual happy and graceful style. "At an age," said the speaker, "when most landsmen are in the nursery, the admiral was hard at work, engaged in defending the honour and the interests of his country; at one time under fire in ships, at another commanding dangerous boat expeditions, often in dire peril of his life; and never, perhaps, more so than when left, as he once was, alone, hanging on the keel of a capsized boat, five miles from shore. By his retirement from the active duties of his profession, the racing world was undoubtedly an immense gainer; but it was still a moot point whether the navy had not lost more than the turf had gained; and he (Lord Granville), as an Englishman, was not sure that Admiral Rous had not had a more distinguished career before him on sea than on land." Passing on to the great sport with which the admiral had been for so many years identified, Lord Granville proceeded to say, "There are dark spots on the sun, and racing has its dark as well as its bright side. On the one hand, it encourages the breed of horses and supplies enjoyment for thousands of all ranks of life; but, on the other hand, there are dangers connected with it which, if permitted to go to an unseemly length, threaten the vitality and well-being of our great national sport. Among the men of wealth, character and position whose patronage has done so much for the turf in modern times, our honoured guest of this evening holds a conspicuous place. He has always done his best to repress everything of a fraudulent or dishonourable nature. He has laboured to reconcile conflicting interests, and, though he may have made mistakes, as the best and greatest of human beings are liable to do, he has enjoyed the respect and affection of every class of the racing community. And I am sure there is but one feeling among all present this evening, and, indeed, among all true sportsmen throughout Great Britain, that if Admiral Rous should retire, he will leave a void impossible to fill."

It is needless to say that Earl Granville's eloquent words expressed the sentiments of all genuine lovers of the turf wherever the English language is spoken; and on Tuesday, June 19, 1877, after a long and fluctuating illness, chequered with gleams of hope to the very last, the sad news spread that the Dictator of the Turf was no more. Among the peculiarities of the gallant old admiral was his aversion to betting and to tobacco. On the latter point he and his old friend, George Payne, were at one, both holding the opinion that half the ills that modern flesh is heir to may be traced to the use of "that vile and pernicious weed." As to the former, his views were of the most strongly antagonistic character. In one of his impetuous letters to the *Times* he proposed that any person winning more than £30,000 over one race should forfeit his winnings, and that any member of the Jockey Club who won more than £50,000 upon a race should be expelled from that select body. He often declared that as a Turf legislator it was his chief wish to provide for the best interests of those who, as he phrased it, were "in the £10 line of business." But against those who wagered—those who, like Mr. Merry, won £70,000 upon Thormanby; or, like Sir Joseph Hawley, netted £80,000 upon Beadsman; or, like Messrs. Naylor and Chaplin, landed respectively more than £100,000 apiece upon Macaroni and Hermit—against such delinquents, as he deemed them, the admiral's indignation was boundless. "The result," says the writer of the best biographical notice of Admiral Rous that has appeared, "of this often expressed objection to heavy betting was, that when a dispute arose between a gentleman and a bookmaker it was generally conceded that the Admiral, if appealed to, unconsciously gave the preference to the latter. It cannot in justice be concealed that probably, without being aware of the weakness, he was disposed to court popularity with professional members of the betting ring. He lent a ready ear to their complaints and grievances; nor can it be denied that in more than one instance he furnished the aggrieved bookmaker, if he chanced not to wield the pen of a ready writer, with a rough copy of the letter, stating his complaint, and addressed to the admiral himself. Upon this letter, his own composition, he then proceeded, with entire and unquestioned impartiality, to pronounce judgment in writing, with the certainty, or at least the vast probability, that both letters would ultimately find their way into print."

Another modern fashion against which the admiral lifted up his voice with much bitterness was the practice of giving extravagant fees to jockeys, and making pets of these precocious manikins. He was fond of contrasting the custom of such men as Sir Charles Bunbury and the Duke of Grafton, who thought a £10 or £20 note a handsome douceur for winning a Derby or Two Thousand, with that now in vogue of presenting a jockey with such sums as £1,000, or even £2,000 or £3,000; and we need hardly say the contrast was greatly to the disadvantage of the present system, a point on which all sensible men will agree with him. Moreover, with all his intense love for the turf, he never demeaned himself by admitting trainers or jockeys to mingle as equals in his society, or to sit at his table; he treated them with uniform consideration and courtesy in their place, but he sternly checked the slightest attempt at presumption or familiarity on their part. And his tall, commanding figure and determined mien had a sufficiently awe-inspiring effect upon his inferiors in social *status* to prevent the most impudent from daring to take a liberty with him. The admiral was even to the last an enthusiastic lover of cock-fighting, and probably many will remember his vigorous and manly defence of that sport in 1872. In his manner he was often brusque, and his language and bearing sometimes savoured too strongly of the quarter-deck, but it must be borne in mind that he belonged to an age of stringent discipline in the service of which he was so distinguished an ornament; it was impossible to forget the traditions under which he had been trained, and amongst them came first and foremost unquestioning obedience to your superior officer. Yet when not thwarted, Admiral Rous was a singularly cheery and gay companion. "Vivacious in disposition, fearless and impetuous in argument, abundantly gifted with what the French call 'the courage of his opinions,' the admiral, with his never-failing health and spirits, and with an eager and intense temperament, always seemed to fill the field of vision surveyed by those who surrounded him."

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